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T H E

POETICAL WORKS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WENTWORTH DILLON,

EARL of ROSCOMMON.

G L A S G O W:

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T H E

POETICAL WORKS

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

Earl of Roscommon.

WENTORTH DILLON, earl of Roscommon, was descended of an antient family in Ireland, and son of JAMES DILLON, earl of Roscommon, who had been converted from the Romish communion by archbishop Usher. He was born in Ireland, when that kingdom was under the administration of the earl of Strafford, to whom his lordship's mother (descended from the *Boyntons* of Bramston in Yorkshire) was nearly related; and when he was baptized, the lord lieutenant gave him the surname of his own family, WENTWORTH. He passed the first years of his infancy in that kingdom, and was educated in the Protestant religion. The earl of Strafford apprehending, that upon that account his family would be exposed

iv MEMOIRS OF THE

to the most furious effects of religious revenge, at the beginning of the Irish rebellion, sent for him over into England, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterwards bishop of Norwich, a prelate of eminent learning and piety. By him he was instructed in Latin, and, without learning the common rules of grammar, which he could never retain in his memory, he attained to write in that language with classical elegance and propriety, and with so much ease, that he chose it to correspond with those friends who had learning sufficient to support the commerce.

When the cloud began to gather over England, and the earl of Strafford was impeached, by the advice of archbishop Usher, he was sent to complete his education at Caen, in Normandy, under the famous Mr. Bochart. After some years he travelled to Rome, where he grew familiar with the most valuable remains of antiquity; applying himself particularly

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. v

larly to the knowlege of medals, which he gained in perfection; and spoke Italian with so much grace and fluency, that he was frequently mistaken there for a native.

Soon after the restoration, he returned to England, where he was graciously received by king Charles II. and made captain of the band of pensioners; and some time afterwards, master of the horse to the duchess of York. In the gaieties of that age, he was tempted to indulge a violent passion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate fortune. A dispute with the lord privy-seal, about part of his estate, obliging him to revisit his native country, he resigned his post in the English court; and soon after his arrival in Dublin, the duke of Ormond appointed him captain of the guards. He still retained his inclination to gaming, which engaged him in the following adventure.

As

vi MEMOIRS OF THE

As he returned to his lodgings from a gaming table, he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him. The earl defended himself with so much resolution, that he dispatched one of the assassins, whilst a gentleman, accidentally passing that way, interposed and disarmed another; the third secured himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded officer, of a good family, and fair reputation; who, by what we call the partiality of fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain sute of clothes to make a decent appearance at the castle. But his lordship, on this occasion, presenting him to the duke of Ormond, with great importunity prevailed with his grace to allow him to resign his post, of captain of the guards, to his friend; which, for about three years, the gentleman enjoyed; and upon his death, the duke returned the commission to his generous benefactor.

The

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. vii

The pleasures of the English court, and the friendships he had there contracted, were powerful motives for his return to London. Soon after his arrival, he was made master of the horse to the duchess of York, and married the lady Frances, eldest daughter of Richard earl of Burlington, who before had been the wife of colonel Courtney.

Here he distinguished himself by his writings: and about this time, in imitation of those learned and polite assemblies, with which he had been acquainted abroad; particularly one at Caen (in which his tutor, the celebrated Mr. Bochart, died suddenly, whilst he was delivering an oration;) he began to form a society for the refining and fixing the standard of our language; in which design, his great friend Mr. Dryden was a principal assistant. A design, of which it is much easier to conceive an agreeable idea, than any rational hope ever to see it brought to perfection among us. This project was entirely defeated by the

the religious commotions, which ensued on the accession of king James to the throne : at which time the earl took a resolution to pass the remainder of his life at Rome ; telling his friends, *it would be best to sit next to the chimney when the chamber smoked.* But amid these reflections, he was seized by the gout, and being too impatient of pain, he permitted a bold French pretender to physic, to apply a repelling medicine, in order to give him present relief, which drove the distemper into his bowels, and in a short time put a period to his life, in the close of the year 1884, at St. James's. The moment in which he expired, he cried out, with a voice that expressed the most intense fervour of devotion,

My God! my father, and my friend,
Do not forsake me at my end.

He was interred, with great pomp, in Westminster Abbey ; but his merit, as a writer, will best appear by the following testimonies.

Testi-

Testimonies of Authors concerning the
Earl of RosCOMMON, and his Writings.

DRYDEN, Preface to his miscellany Poems.

FOR this last half year I have been troubled with the disease, as I may call it, of translation: the cold prose-fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the *History of the League*; the hot, which succeeded them, in verse miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but that the humour would have wasted itself in two or three pastorals of THEOCRITUS, and as many odes of HORACE. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with LUCRETIVS and VIRGIL; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible, it was my lord ROSCOMMON's *Essay on translated Verse*, which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry is, like a seeming demonstration in the mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but false in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions: I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other

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words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have, at least in some places, made examples to his rules.

DRYDEN, Dedication of the Aeneis to the duke of Buckingham.

SOME of our countrymen have translated episodes and other parts of VIRGIL, with great success. As particularly your lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the *Silenus* of my lord ROSCOMMON cannot be too much commended.

DRYDEN, Postscript to his Virgil.

WHOEVER has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls *the Power of Love*, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his; as my lord ROSCOMMON'S *Silenus* had formerly given me the same trouble.

DRYDEN, Notes on Virgil.

PASTORAL sixth. My Lord ROSCOMMON'S Notes on this Pastoral are equal to his excellent translation of it, and thither I refer the reader.

CREECH, Preface to his Horace.

WHAT I have borrowed from others, if ever I have stock enough, I will honestly endeavour to repay; but the debt I have contracted from my lord ROSCOMMON is so vast, that I shall never be able to discharge: to his admirable version I must gratefully acknowledge.

knowledge, that I owe the sense, and the best lines in
the *Art of Poetry*.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*.

Such was ROSCOMMON, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

ADDISON, *An Account of the greatest
English Poets*.

Nor must ROSCOMMON pass neglected by,
That makes even rules a noble poetry;
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.

ADDISON, *Spectator*, Vol. 4. N^o 253.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice,
that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of
the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in
its kind; the *Essay on translated Verse*, the *Essay on
Poetry*, and the *Essay upon Criticism*.

LORD LANSDOWNE, *Essay upon unnatural
Flights in Poetry*.

First MULGRAVE rose, ROSCOMMON next, like light,
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds;
The STAGIRITE and HORACE laid aside,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide:

Who

Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May in their lessons learn the road to fame.

Mrs. KATHARINE PHILIPS, Letter from
Dublin.

MY lord ROSCOMMON is a very ingenious person,
of excellent natural parts, and certainly the most hopeful
young nobleman in Ireland.

TRAPP, Preface to his Virgil.

—BUT we should certainly have seen VIRGIL far
better translated by a noble hand, had the earl of
LAUDERDALE been the earl of ROSCOMMON, or
had the Scottish peer followed all the precepts, and been
animated with the genius of the Irish.—

Marquis D'ARGENS, Letters Juives, tom.
iv. letter cxi.

IL n'est point surprenant, que la poésie soit portée
si loin chés cette nation. Les premiers seigneurs
ne dédaignent point de la cultiver. My lord ROS-
COMMON, le duc de BUCKINGHAM, my lord DOR-
SET, et plusieurs autres personnes nées dans le rang
le plus élevé, ont fait des ouvrages, qui égalent les
beaux morceaux des grands poètes. — It is not at all
surprizing, that poetry hath been carried such a length
in this nation. Men of the first quality have not dis-
dained to become followers of the muses. My lord
ROSCOMMON, the duke of BUCKINGHAM, the earl
of DORSET, and many other persons of an elevated
rank, have written pieces, which give them, with ju-
stice, the title of great poets.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
TRANSLATED VERSE.

— *Fungar vice cotis, acutum*
Reddere quae ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi.

HOR. de Art. Poet.

Cape dona extrema tuorum. VIRG. iii. Aeneid.

A

Y A S S E

TRANSLATED VERSE

— Hungry rice cold, steam
Reddies quack / rum water, export the brandy.
Hon. de Air Post.
Viney Hill Amdell. Cape Point est. 1844.

A

To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent Essay on translated verse.

WHETHER the fruitful Nile, or Tyrian shore,
 The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
 'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
 Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurs'd.
 The Grecians added verse, their tuneful tongue
 Made nature first, and nature's God their song.
 Nor stopt translation here: for conqu'ring Rome
 With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home;
 Enrich'd by those Athenian muses more,
 Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before.
 Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
 Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhimes;
 Those rude at first; a kind of hobbling prose,
 That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close:
 But Italy, reviving from the trance
 Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
 With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
 And all the graces a good ear affords,

Made rhyme an art, and Dante's polish'd page
 Restor'd a silver, not a golden age :
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see,
 What rhyme improv'd in all its height can be ;
 At best a pleasing found, and fair barbarity :
 The French pursu'd their steps ; and Britain last
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd,
 The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
 Appear exalted in the British loom ;
 The muses empire is restor'd again,
 In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen,
 Yet modestly he does his work survey,
 And calls a finish'd poem an E S S A Y ;
 For all the needful rules are scatter'd here ;
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe ;
 So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear,
 Nor need those rules, to give translation light ;
 His own example is a flame so bright ;
 That he, who but arrives to copy well,
 Unguided will advance ; unknowing will excel,
 Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain ;
 Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain,

How much in him may rising Ireland boast,
 How much in gaining him has Britain lost !
 Their island in revenge has ours reclaim'd,
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
 'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow,
 Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
 That here his conqu'ring ancestors were nurst ;
 And Ireland but translated England first :
 By this reprisal we regain our right,
 Else must the two contending nations fight,
 A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
 Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
 To what perfection will our tongue arrive,
 How will invention and translation thrive,
 When authors nobly born will bear their part,
 And not disdain th'inglorious praise of art !
 Great generals thus descending from command,
 With their own toil provoke the soldiers hand.
 How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His fame augmented by an English Peer * ;
 How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
 Out-does his softness, and his sense improves ?

A 3

When

* The Earl of Mulgrave.

When these translate, and teach translators too,
 Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow
 Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand.

Roscommon writes, to that auspicious band,
 Muse, feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand.

Roscommon, whom both court and camps commend,
 True to his prince, and faithful to his friend ;

Roscommon first in fields of honour known,
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown ;
 Who both Minervas justly makes his own.

Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they,
 Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
 On equal terms with ancient wit engage,
 Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page :
 Our English palace opens wide in state ;
 And without stooping they may pass the gate.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Ad illustrissimum virum, dominum comitem
de RosCOMMON; in tentamen suum
sive specimen de poetis transferendis.
Carmen encomiasticon.

ANGLIA, si claris pollet saecunda poetis,
Mundo praereptos jactans in pace triumphos;
Pallada nutrit si non minus ubere gleba;
Augusto quam magna tulit sub Caesare Roma;
Hoc tibi debetur, comes illustrissime secli:
Nam postquam per te patuit, populoque refulsit
Ars Flacci, vatum surrexit vivida proles,
Divinis instructa modis et carmine puro.
Jam non sola sequi vestigia sacra Maronis,
Sed transferre datur: vos, o gandete, superbi
Angligenae, meritisque virum redimite corollis,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.
Nam duce te vatum series aeterna sequetur,
Qui tentare modos ausi immortalis Homeri,
Heroasque, Deosque canent, plausuque secundo,
Non male ceratis tendent super aethera pennis.
Et tua, docte Maro, ni fallor, carmina reddent

*Majestate pari ; dum laeta vagaberis umbra
 Per sacrum spatiata nemus : versuque Britanno
 Aeneadas mirata cani, bellumque, ducesque,
 Et pastoris oves, his vocibus ora resolves.
 Quam bene te poteram patulis amplectier ulnis,
 Magnè comes, nostræ o famae defensor et haeres !
 Nunc licet insulsi vertant mea scripta poetae,
 Mollior ac elegis Ovidi sonet Ilias, ausit
 Maevius infaelix calamo disperdere versus,
 Cuncta piat Silenus, et haud imitabile carmen
 Prima quod infantis cecinit cunabula mundi,
 Durabit, famamque per omne tuebitur aevum.
 Grandibus ille modis, et mira pingitur arte :
 Per te, dulce decus, nostri viget ille laboris
 Reliquiae, multum celebrandus in orbe Britanno.
 Tu genio da fraena tuo, nec voce beatum
 Hac tristere animam — cape dona extrema tuorum.
 Carmina adhuc cineri exequias persolve Maronis.
 Pulchrior in tanta splendet mea gloria musa.
 Plurimus Angligenum manibus versabere, plebi
 Sordebunt excusa ducum simulacra tabellis ;
 Te melius vivo pingentem carmine cernent.*

Dum

*Dum translatorum sudant ignobile vulgus,
 Ut captent oculos phaleris, et imagine falsa
 Lascient lectorem, et vana dulcedine pascant;
 Me mihi restituis versu, sensusque latentes
 Eruis, et duplicem reddis tua charta Maronem.*

E Collegio S. S. et Indi-
 viduae Trin. Cant.

CAROLUS DRYDEN.

To the Earl of Roscommon, on his ex-
 cellent poem.

AS when by labouring stars new kingdoms rise,
 The mighty mass in rude confusion lies,
 A court unform'd, disorder'd at the bar,
 And even in peace the rugged mein of war,
 'Till some wise statesman into method draws
 The parts, and animates the frame with laws;
 Such was the case when Chaucer's early toil
 Founded the muses empire in our soil.
 Spenser improv'd it with his painful hand,
 But lost a noble muse in Fairy-land.

Shake-

Shakespear said all that nature could impart,
 And Johnfon added industry and art.
 Cowley, and Denham gain'd immortal praise;
 And some who merit, as they wear, the bays,
 Search'd all the treasures of Greece and Rome,
 And brought the precious spoils in triumph home.
 But still our language had some antient rust;
 Our flights were often high, but seldom just.
 There wanted one who license could restrain,
 Make civil laws o'er barbarous usage reign:
 One worthy in Apollo's chair to sit,
 To hold the scales, and give the stamp of wit.
 In whom ripe judgment and young fancy meet,
 And force the poet's rage to be discreet.
 Who grows not nauseous whilst he strives to please;
 But marks the shelves in the poetic seas.
 Who knows, and teaches what our clime can bear,
 And makes the barren ground obey the labourers care.

Few could conceive, none the great work could do,
 'Tis a fresh province, and reserv'd for you.

Those

Those talents all are yours ; of which but one,
Were a fair fortune for a muse's son.

Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,
A head well balanc'd, and a generous heart.
While insect rhimes cloud the polluted sky,
Created to molest the world, and die;
Your file does polish, what your fancy cast ;
Works are long forming, which must always last.

Rough iron-sense, and stubborn to the mould,
Touch'd by your chymic hand, is turn'd to gold :
A secret grace fashions the flowing lines,
And inspiration through the labour shines.

Writers, in spite of all their paint and art,
Betray the darling passion of their heart.

No fame you wound, give no chaste ears offence ;

Still true to friendship, modesty, and sense.

So saints from heaven for our example sent,

Live to their rules, have nothing to repent.

Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,

Would give no laws, but only yours translate.

Hoist

Hoist sail, bold writers, search, discover far,
 You have a compass for a polar-star;
 Tune Orpheus' harp, and with enchanting rhimes
 Soften the savage humour of the times.

Tell all those untouch'd wonders which appear'd,
 When fate itself for our great monarch fear'd:
 Securely through the dangerous forrest led
 By guards of angels, when his own were fled.
 Heaven kindly exercis'd his youth with cares,
 To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.

Make warlike James's peaceful virtues known,
 The second hope and genius of the throne.
 Heaven in compassion brought him on our stage,
 To tame the fury of a monstrous age.
 But what blest voice shall your Maria sing?
 Or a fit offering to her altars bring?
 In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
 Great always, without aiming to be great.

Beauty and love sit awful in her face ;
 And ev'ry gesture form'd by ev'ry grace.
 Her glories are too heavenly and refin'd,
 For the gross senses of a vulgar mind.
 It is your part, (you poets can divine)
 To prophesy how she, by heaven's design,
 Shall give an heir to the great British line,
 Who over all the western isles shall reign,
 Both awe the continent, and rule the main.
 It is your place to wait upon her name,
 Through the vast regions of eternal fame.

True poets souls to princes are ally'd,
 And the world's empire with its kings divide.
 Heaven trusts the present time to monarchs care,
 Eternity is the good writer's share.

KNIGHTLY CHETWOOD.

To

To the Earl of Roscommon, on his excellent Essay on translated verse.

WHILE satire pleas'd, and nothing else was writ,
 But pure ill-nature pass'd for noblest wit,
 Some privileg'd climes the poisonous weeds refuse:
 But when a generous understanding muse
 Does richer fruits from happier soils translate,
 We're sent to Ireland, by reverse of fate.
 Yet you, I know, with Plato would disdain
 To write, and equal the Maeonian strain;
 If 'twould debauch your humour so far forth,
 To think so mean a thing enhanc'd your worth.
 For were that praise, and only that your due,
 Which Virgil too might claim no less than you;
 Though that had merited my bare esteem,
 I'd leave to other pens the single theme.
 But when I saw the candor of your mind,
 A muse inur'd to camps, in courts refin'd,
 A soul ev'n capable of being a friend,
 Free from those follies which the great attend;

I grant

I grant such excellence my soul did fire,

Unable to commend, I will admire.

- " Happy the man, when no concern is nigh,
- " But nature's wanton, and his blood runs high,
- " Who free from cares enjoys without controul
- " His muse, the darling mistress of his soul;
- " No tedious court his appetite destroys,
- " Nor thoughts of gain pollute the rapturous joys.
- " The dear Minerva's form'd without a pain,
- " And nothing less, could spring from such a brain.
- " And yet his God-like pity he imparts
- " To those that drudge at duty gainst their hearts,
- " And to illiberal uses wrest the liberal arts —

When I observe the wonders you explain,
Too much the antients you commend — in vain,
In vain you would endeavour to persuade
That all our laws were in those archives laid :
That poetry must ever stand unmov'd,
The only art experience han't improv'd.

But

But grant their rites were to religion grown,
 Sure they concern no countries but their own :
 For let the Aeneid pass through others hands,
 The Aeneid's self a third-rate poet stands :
 Unfit to reach the heights that he has flown,
 We wisely to our level bring him down,
 Himself had writ less sweet, and less sublime,
 In any other tongue or other time.

And now, my Lord, on this account I grieve,
 To think how different from yourself you'll live,
 When this inimitable piece is shown,
 In languages and empires yet unknown,
 It will be learning then to know and hear
 Not only what you wrote, but what you were.

J. AMHERST.

[17]

A N
E S S A Y
O N

TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whose correct * essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way;
And happy you, who, by propitious fate,
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose the age:
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just.

B

For

* Essay on poetry, written by the Earl of Mulgrave.

18 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
 To search the treasures of the Roman store;
 Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
 The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle,
 With early hope, and fragrant blossoms smile.
 Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
 And nature seconds all his soft desires:
 Theocritus does now to us belong,
 And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
 Who hath not heard how Italy was blest,
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
 Or Gallus' song, so tender, and so true,
 As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
 When mourning nymphs attend their Daphne's herse,
 Who does not weep, that reads the moving verse?
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
 Sicilian muses, through these happy plains,
 Proclaim Saturnian times, our own Apollo reigns!

When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,

There,

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 19

There, cultivated by a royal hand,
Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land;
The choicest books, that Rome and Greece have known,
Her excellent translators made her own:
And Europe still considerably gains,
Both by their good example, and their pains.
From hence our gen'rous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
But now, we shew the world a nobler way,
And, in translated verse, do more than they:
Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With sweetness not to be express'd in prose.
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill.
I, who have serv'd him more than twenty years,
Scarce know my master, as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares,
The fault is more their languages, than theirs.
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words,
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords.
But who did ever in French authors see
The comprehensive, English energy?

20 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
 Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages shine.
 I speak my private, but impartial sense,
 With freedom, and, I hope, without offence :
 For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit,
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
 'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
 But good translating is no easy art.
 For though materials have long since been found,
 Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound ;
 And by improving what was writ before,
 Invention labours less, but judgment, more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
 For none have been, with admiration, read,
 But who, beside their learning, were well-bred.

The first great work, a task perform'd by few,
 Is, that yourself may to yourself be true :

POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.* 21

No masque, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Maevius, ends.
That wretch, in spight of his forgotten rhimes,
Condemn'd to live in all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense, and a bellowing sound,
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And, if my muse can through past ages see,
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;
Exploded, when with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd, and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.

22 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS,

Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,
And chuse an author as you chuse a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your stiles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young muse betray'd,
How nice the reputation of the maid?
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin-ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flatt'ry's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
 For want of decency, is want of sense.
 What mod'rate fop would rake the park, or stews,
 Who among troops of faultless nymphs may chuse?
 Variety of such is to be found;
 Take then a subject, proper to expound;
 But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
 For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
 And such applause it must expect to meet,
 As would some painter, busy in a street,
 To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry sign
 That calls the staring fots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
 It must delight us when 'tis understood,
 He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
 As many old have done, and many new,
 With nauseous images my fancy fills,
 And all goes down like oxymel of squils.
 Instruct the list'ning world how Maro sings
 Of useful subjects, and of lofty things.

24 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
 As merit gratitude, as well as praise.
 But foul descriptions are offensive still,
 Either for being like, or being ill.
 For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
 On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
 Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
 Make some suspect, he snores, as well as nods.
 But I offend —— Virgil begins to frown,
 And Horace looks with indignation down;
 My blushing muse with conscious fear retires,
 And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
 And with attractive majesty surprize,
 Not by affected, meretricious arts,
 But strict harmonious symetry of parts.
 Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
 With vital heat to animate the mass.
 A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
 And bright as heav'n, from whence the blessing came;

But

POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS. 25

But few, oh few, souls, preordain'd by fate,
The race of gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No rebel Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can thither climb.
The grizly ferry-man of hell deny'd
Aeneas entrance, 'till he knew his guide;
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call?

Pride, of all others the most dang'rous fault,
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond, than boast.
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ?
How few are they who understand him yet?
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan god,

Hail,

26 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

Hail, mighty Mæro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame;
Sublime ideas, and apt words infuse.
The muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the muse!

What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar:
Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural and hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessing Phoebus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out,
But once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth

Truth still is one ; truth is divinely bright,
 No cloudy doubts obscure her native light ;
 While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
 You may confound, but never can translate.
 Your stile will this, through all disguises, show,
 For none explain more clearly than they know.
 He only proves he understands a text,
 Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
 They who too faithfully on names insist,
 Rather create than dissipate the mist ;
 And grow unjust by being over nice,
 For superstitious virtue turns to vice.
 Let Crassus' ghost, and Labienus tell
 How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell :
 Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
 Few know Pacorus or Monaeses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
 Will hardly in another be excus'd.

And

28 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

And some that Rome admir'd in Caesar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a translator both discreet and bold,

Excursions are inexpiably bad ;

And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express
With painful care, and seeming easiness ;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest dress. }
Th' Aenean muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait ;
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things,
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise ;
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty scriblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even syllables, and still the last,
Though gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.

But

POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS. 29

But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known :
For if you will unequal numbers try,
Their accents on odd syllables must lye.
Whatever sister of the sacred nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful, and a constant flame.
But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack, too scandalously mean to name,
Had, by man-midwifry, got wealth, and fame;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The lab'ring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossips spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies;
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.

But

30 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

But what a thoughtless animal is man,
 How very active in his own trepan !
 For greedy of physicians frequent fees,
 From female mellow praise he takes degrees ;
 Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
 From saving women falls to killing men.
 Another such had left the nation thin,
 In spite of all the children he brought in,
 His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew,
 And where they fell, as certainly they flew.
 His name struck ev'ry where as great a damp,
 As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
 With this, the doctor's pride began to cool ;
 For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
 But now repentance came too late, for grace ;
 And meagre famine star'd him in the face.
 Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
 But found no husband left to own a child.
 The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too ;
 In this sad case, what could our vermin do ?
 Worry'd with debts, and past all hope of bail,
 Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail.

And

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 31

And there with basket-arms, scarce-kept alive,
Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead;
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dang'rous, tamp'ring with a muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For, though true wit adorns your birth, or placé,
Degen'rate lines degrade th'attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rowling eyes,
And panting; lo! the God, the God she cries;

With

32 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

With words, not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through
the ground.

But though we must obey when heav'n commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast ;

For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.

Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with fle'me.

As when the chearful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat

Through ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat :

So when a muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights ;

But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.

Before the radiant sun, a glimm'ring lamp,
Adult'rate metals, to the sterling stamp,

Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines :

These,

These, nervous, bold ; those, languid and remiss;
 There, cold salutes ; but here, a lover's kiss.
 Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide,
 With foaming waves, the passive Soan divide,
 Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
 Now turn'd to license by too just a name,
 Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
 Which scorns to take it —————

Aburd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
 All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
 Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
 And sacred laws with insolence defy.
 Not thus our heroes of the former days,
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays ;
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part
 Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
 'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign

34 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight,
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience, when, with sawcy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverse of nature ! shall such copies then
Arraign th'originals of Maro's pen !
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
BlaspHEME the sacred founder of our rules !

The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh, or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear, in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome, and elder Athens sound,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from heav'n, Tyrtaeus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung ;

Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
 And what two gen'als lost, a poet gain'd.
 By secret influence of indulgent skies,
 Empire and poesy together rise.
 True poets are the guardians of a state,
 And when they fail, portend approaching fate.
 For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
 Was not the vestal, but the muses fire;
 Heav'n joins the blessings: no declining age
 E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is, perhaps, the cause;
 Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws.
 For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
 Till by Barbarian deluges o'erflown:
 Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
 And change their own for their invaders way.

I grant, that from some mossy, idol oak,
 In double rhimes our Thor and Woden spoke;
 And by succession of unlearned times,
 As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.

36 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

But now that Phoebus, and the sacred nine,
With all their beams, on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

“ * Have we forgot how Raphael's num'rous prose
“ Led our exalted souls through heav'nly camps,
“ And mark'd the ground where proud apostate thrones
“ Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt host and host,
“ A narrow but a dreadful interval,
“ Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
“ Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
“ Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.
“ There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
“ Dispers'd ethereal forms, and down they fell
“ By thousands, angels on arch-angels rowl'd;
“ Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
“ Which, with their pond'rous load, rocks, waters, woods,
“ From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops,
“ They bore like shields before them through the air,

“ ’Till

* An Essay on blank verse, out of Paradise Lost, Book VI.

" 'Till more incens'd, they hurl'd them at their foes.
" All was confusion, heav'n's foundations shook;
" Threatning no less than universal wrack ;
" For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
" And over-prest whole legions weak with sin :
" Yet they blasphem'd, and struggled as they lay,
" 'Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
" And, arm'd with vengeance, God's victorious Son,
" Effulgence of paternal deity,
" Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
" Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
" And sent them flaming to the vast abyss."

O may I live to hail the glorious day !
And sing loud Paeans through the crouded way,
When in triumphant state the British muse,
True to herself, shall barb'rous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near:

A
P A R A P H R A S E
ON THE
CXLVIII P S A L M.

O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!
The world's transparent canopy,
Break your long silence, and let mortals know,
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the God of war,
Who conquer wherefoe'er you are,
Let echoing anthems make his praises known
On earth his foot-stool, as in heav'n his throne.

Great eye of all! whose glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praise his name, without whose purer light
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispence,
By God's command, your influence ;
Resign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as first, of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs,
O praise th' almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise him, ye loud harmonious spheres,
Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whose command is th' universal law.

Ye wat'ry mountains of the sky,
And you so far above our eye,
Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

40 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep,
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you, who through the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempest, praise th' almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
All heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise

POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS. 41

Praise him, sweet off-spring of the ground,
With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd ;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
Whose only care's to love and sing,
Fly thro' the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each salvage furious beast,
That on his stores do daily feast :
And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whose pow'r hath here no periods,
May all attempts against your crowns be vain ;
But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.

Let

42 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

Let the wide world his praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise him from whom your pow'r derives :
Be true and just, like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time ;
O praise him in your youthful prime !
Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense ;
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
When heav'n, and earth, and all is past :
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt,

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace;
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise.

O D E
U P O N
S O L I T U D E.

I.

HAIL, sacred solitude ! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise,
All those senseless vanities :
With pity mov'd for others, cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd
On rocks of folly and of vice, I see them lost :

Some

44 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Some the prevailing malice of the great,
 Unhappy men, or adverse fate,
 Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state.
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
 Whilst virtue courts them, but alas in vain,
 Fly from her kind embracing arms,
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
 And sunk in pleasures, and in brutish ease,
 They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate please.

II.

Hail, sacred solitude ! soul of my soul,
 It is by thee I truly live,
 Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give ;
 Dost each unruly appetite controul :
 Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,
 With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
 Presuming love does ne'er invade
 This private solitary shade ;
 And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,
 The joy has no allay of jealousy, hope, and fear,
 The solid comforts of this happy sphere ;
 Yet I exalted love admire,

Friendship,

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 45

Friendship, abhorring fardid gain,
And purify'd from luft's difhoneft ftain ;
Nor is it for my folitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone,
As if we were but one ;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two fouls in one comprife.

III.

Here in a full and conftant tide doth flow
All bleffings man can hope to know ;
Here in a deep recess of thought we find
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind ;
Pleasures which do from friendship, and from know-
lege rife,
Which make us happy, as they make us wife.
Here may I always on this downy grafs,
Unknown, unfeen, my eafy minutes pafs :
'Till with a gentle force victorious death
My folitude invade,
And, ftopping for a-while my breath,
With eafe convey me to a better fhade.

O N

Mr. D R Y D E N ' s

R E L I G I O L A I C I.

BE gone, you slaves, you idle vermin, go,
 Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
 Let free, impartial men from Dryden learn
 Mysterious secrets of a high concern,
 And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
 Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
 What can you, reverend Levi, here take ill?
 Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
 He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
 Must be an angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty Lewis finds the pope too great,
 And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,

Our

Our sects a more tyrannic pow'r assume,
 And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome ;
 That church detain'd the legacy divine ;
 Fanatics cast the pearls of heav'n to swine :
 What then have honest thinking men to do,
 But chuse a mean between th' usurping two ?

Nor can th' Egyptian patriarch blame my muse,
 Which for his firmness does his heat excuse ;
 Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
 The Preface, sure, was his own act and deed.
 Our church will have that Preface read, you'll say, }
 'Tis true, but so she will th' Apocrypha ; }
 And such as can believe them, freely may.

But did that God, so little understood,
 Whose darling attribute is being good,
 From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
 Such various creatures, and make man their king ;
 Yet leave his fav'rite man, his chiefest care,
 More wretched than the vilest insects are ?

48 POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS.

O! how much happier and more safe are they?
 If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey
 To yelling furies, and for ever burn
 In that sad place, from whence is no return,
 For unbelief in one they never knew,
 Or for not doing what they could not do!
 The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
 And so do all their followers that rebel:
 If then, a blind, well-meaning Indian stray,
 Shall the great gulph be show'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
 Or the faln angels rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That Christ, who at the great deciding day,
 (For he declares what he resolves to say)
 Will damn the goats, for their ill-natur'd faults,
 And save the sheep, for actions, not for thoughts,
 Hath too much mercy to send men to hell,
 For humble charity, and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,
 Whose inhumanity, profusely shown
 In damning crouds of souls, may damn their own!
 I'll err, at least, on the securer side,
 A convert free from malice and from pride.

T H E

SCENE of *Care Selve Beate,*

In PASTOR FIDO, paraphrased.

DEAR happy groves! and you the dark retreat
 Of silent horror, rest's eternal seat;
 How well your cool and unfrequented shade
 Suits with the chaste retirement of a maid;
 O! if kind heav'n had been so much my friend,
 To make my fate upon my choice depend;
 All my ambition I would here confine,
 And only this Elysium should be mine:
 Fond men by passion wilfully betray'd,
 Adore those idols which their fancy made;
 Purchasing riches, with our time and care,
 We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;

D

And

50 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
 Oppress'd with blessings which we fear to use:
 Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
 Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
 We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
 And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies;
 In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
 If our abundance makes us wish for more;
 How happy is the harmless country maid,
 Who, rich by nature, scorns superfluous aid!
 Whose modest clothes no wanton eyes invite,
 But, like her soul, preserves the native white;
 Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
 Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease;
 Who, free from storms, which on the great ones fall,
 Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
 No care but love can discompose her breast,
 Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best;
 While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lye,
 Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
 Not one on whom, or gods, or men, impose,
 But one whom love has for this lover chose:

Under

Under some fav'rite mirtle's shady boughs;
 They speak their passions in repeated vows;
 And whilst a blush confesses how she burns;
 His faithful heart makes as sincere returns;
 Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
 And while they live, their flames can never die.

A

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN TO

His Royal Highness the Duke of YORK,
 at *Edinburgh*.

FOLLY and vice are easy to describe,
 The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
 But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
 All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
 Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
 Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,
 Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne
 Was once supported, Sir, by you alone:

52 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
 Yet trusted then with her last desp'rate stake :
 When wealthy neighbours strove with us for pow'r,
 Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,
 Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
 Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
 His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,
 He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,
 And while the heav'ns were fire, and th' ocean blood,
 Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

O happy islands, if you knew your blifs !
 Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his,
 Express your gratitude the only way,
 And humbly own a debt too vast to pay :
 Let fame aloud to future ages tell
 None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well ;
 While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
 So loyal, so submissively resign'd,
 Proclaim that such a hero never springs
 But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

THE

T H E
D R E A M.

TO the pale tyrant *, who to horrid graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,
Who, though his victories as num'rous are,
Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
But woful cares, that load men while they wake.

When his soft charms had eas'd my weary fight
Of all the baneful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, divested of the scorn,
Which the un-equal'd maid so long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had love's great god essay'd
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid?
Yet spight of all the pride that swells her mind,
The humble god of sleep can make her kind.

D 3

A rising

* Death.

54 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

A rising blush increas'd the native store
Of charms, which but too fatal were before.

Once more present the vision to my view,
The sweet illusion, gentle fate, renew !
How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I !
Shew me, blest god of sleep, and let me die.

T H E
G H O S T
O F T H E

Old House of Commons, to the new one,
appointed to meet at *Oxford*, 1681.

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,
A seasonable and important truth.
I feel, but, oh ! too late, that no disease
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease ;

And

And of all other, the most tempting things
 Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
 None ever was superlatively ill,
 But by degrees, with industry and skill :
 And some, whose meaning has at first been fair,
 Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
 My time is past, and yours will soon begin,
 Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin ;
 And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
 Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.
 The busy, subtle serpents of the law,
 Did first my mind from true obedience draw :
 While I did limits to the king prescribe,
 And took for oracles that canting tribe,
 I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
 And grew seditious for variety :
 All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
 And by the laws illegally abus'd ;
 The robe was summon'd, Maynard at the head,
 In legal murder none so deeply read ;
 I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
 Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood

56 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
 With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
 Pris'ners and witnesses were waiting by,
 These had been taught to swear, and those to dye,
 And to expect their arbitrary fates,
 Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
 To fright the people, and alarm the town,
 Bedloe and Oates employ'd the rev'rend gown.
 But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
 The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim:
 I seem'd, and did but seem, to fear the guards,
 And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards,
 Anti-monarchic heretics of state,
 Immoral atheists, rich and reprobate:
 But above all, I got a little guide*,
 Who ev'ry ford of villany had try'd:
 None knew so well the old pernicious way,
 To ruin subjects, and make kings obey;
 And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
 Was driving eighty back to forty-eight.

This

* The Earl of Shaftesbury.

This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
 But I mistook his patience for his fear,
 All that this happy island could afford,
 Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
 In his whole paradise, one only tree
 He had excepted, by a strict decree ;
 A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
 Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear ;
 Beware, my child ! divinity is there. }
 This so out-did all I had done before,
 I could attempt, and he endure no more.
 My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death ;
 And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
 To th' utter darkness of the lower world :
 A dreadful place ! which you too soon will see,
 If you believe seducers more than me.

T H E
S P E E C H
O F

Tom. Rofs's GHOST,

To his Pupil, the Duke of *Monmouth*.

S H A M E of my life, disturber of my tomb,
 Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
 Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
 To knaves a fool, to cred'lous fools a knave,
 The king's betrayer, and the peoples slave. }
 Like Samuel, at thy negromantic call,
 I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
 I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
 Streams will run muddy when the spring's impure.
 In all your meritorious life, we see
 Old Taff's * invincible sobriety.

Places

* Shaftesbury.

POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.* 59

Places of master of the horse, and spy,
You, like Tom. Howard, did at once supply :
From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring;
You show us all your parents, but the king,
From whose too tender, and too bounteous arms,
(Unhappy he who such a viper warms ;
As dutiful a subject, as a son)
To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell :
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The first and fairest of the sons of light ;
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

ON THE
D E A T H
OF A
L A D Y's L A P-D O G.

THOU, happy creature, art secure
From all the torments we endure :

Despair, ambition, jealousy,

Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee ;

A fullen prudence drew thee hence

From noise, fraud, and impertinence ;

Though life essay'd the surest wile,

Gilding itself with Laura's smile.

How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,

Thou who couldst break from Laura's arms !

Poor Cynic ! still methinks I hear

Thy awful murmurs in my ear ;

As

POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS. 61

As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless crowd away.
How fondly human passions turn !
What we then envy'd, now we mourn !

STANZAS on a young Lady who
sung finely, but was afraid of a Cold.

I.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
'Till fatal tempests swell the sea,
In vain let sinking pilots pray,
Beneath thy yoke let nature bend.
Let piercing frost and lasting snow
Through woods and fields destruction sow !

II.

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser ills create,
These we can bear ; but gentle fate,
And thou blest genius of our isle,
From winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the list'ning gods rejoice.

III. May

III.

May that celestial sound each day
 With extacy transport our souls,
 Whilst all our passions it controuls,
 And kindly drives our cares away;
 Let no ungentle cold destroy,
 All taste we have of heav'nly joy.

E P I L O G U E

T O

ALEXANDER the Great,

When acted at the theatre in Dublin.

YOU've seen to night the glory of the East,
 The man, who all the then known world possesst,
 That kings in chains did son of Ammon call,
 And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.
 Him fortune only favour'd for her sport,
 And when his conduct wanted her support,

His

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 63

His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design:
Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder sway,
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,
Secur'd by higher pow'rs, exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands:
Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That heav'n has form'd a monarch worth their care;
Born to advance the loyal, and depose
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And stopt our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a mist before this radiant day.
So when, in heav'n, the mighty rebels rose,
Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
God keep'd the conquest for his best belov'd:
At sight of such omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did ascend the throne
Labour'd to draw three restiff nations on.

He

64 . POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

He boldly drives them forward without pain,
 They hear his voice, and streight obey the rein.
 Such terror speaks him destin'd to command;
 We worship Jove with thunder in his hand;
 But when his mercy without pow'r appears,
 We flight his altars, and neglect our pray'rs.
 How weak in arms did civil discord show!
 Like Saul she struck with fury at her foe,
 When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
 Her off-spring, made the royal hero's scorn,
 Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born:
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
 When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
 Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
 Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE to *Pompey*,

A

TRAGEDY,

Translated by Mrs. Katharine Philips, from
the French of Monsieur Corneille, and
acted at the theatre in Dublin.

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage,
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,

Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,

To have their fates determin'd by your voice.

Caesar from none but you will have his doom,

He hates th'obsequious flatteries of Rome;

He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,

And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.

When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,

Had stain'd with blood, peace flourish'd in this isle;

E

And

66 POEMS on several OCCASIONS!

And you alone may boast, you never saw
Caesar 'till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here;
But says he cannot now begin to fear :
He knows your equal justice, and, to tell
A Roman truth, he knows himself too well.
Success, 'tis true, waited on Caesar's side,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
Since here so many Catos judging sit?

But you, bright nymphs, give Caesar leave to woo
The greatest wonder of the world, but you,
And here a muse, who has that hero taught
To speak as gen'rously, as e'er he fought :
Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
All tongues but English, and all pens but hers.
By the just fates your sex is doubly blest,
You conquer'd Caesar, and you praise him best.

And

III

And you, illustrious Sir *, receive as due,
A present destiny reserv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow
Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now.

ON THE

LAST JUDGMENT†.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay;
As David and the Sibyls say.

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find?

E 2

III. The

* The Lord lieutenant.

† This is a translation of the church hymn, beginning thus,
Dies irae, Dies illae, etc.

68 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

III.

The last loud trumpet's wond'rous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and death shall, with surprize,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living, and the dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! what int'rest shall I make,
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake.

VIII. Thou

POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS. 69

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable king,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.

X.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep : accept my tears.

70 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

XIII.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast giv'n me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy pray'r,
Preserve me from that dang'rous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted soul a place,
Among thy chosen right-hand race,
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable abyfs,
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of blifs.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII. Well

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,

Who rise to a reviving death.

Thou great Creator of mankind,

Let guilty man compassion find.

XVIII.

Well may they call their kindred
Who live in a reviving dream,
That great Creator of mankind,
Let glory and compassion lead

And a nation for the good
And a nation for the good
And a nation for the good
And a nation for the good

And a nation for the good
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And a nation for the good

VIRGIL's Sixth Eclogue,
S I L E N U S,
T R A N S L A T E D.

The ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasilus, having been often promised a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus finding they would be put off no longer, begins his song; in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprizing transformations which have happened in nature since her birth. This Eclogue was designed as a complement to Syro, the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasilus as the two pupils.

My aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latin, and cannot, probably, be acquainted with some names and passages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by letters to the foot of the page, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common road.

The

S I L E N U S,

E C L O G A VI.

FAUNORUM, SATYRORUM ET SYLVANORUM, DELECTATIO.

PRIMA Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

Cum canerem reges, et praelia, Cynthus aurem
Vellit, et admonuit: pastorum, Tityre, pingues
Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.

Nunc ego (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,

Vare, tuas cupiant, et tristia condere bella)

Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine musam.

Non

^a Sicilian.] Virgil, in his Eclogue, imitates Theocritus, a Sicilian poet.

^b Thalia.]

The SIXTH ECLOGUE.

S I L E N U S.

I FIRST of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
 Nor blush'd to dwell among Sicilian *a* swains,
 When my Thalia *b* rais'd her bolder voice,
 And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
 Phoebus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
 And with this whisper check th' aspiring muse.
 A shepherd, Tityrus, his flock should feed,
 And chuse a subject suited to his reed.
 Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
 To write thy praises, Varus *c*, and thy wars)
 My past'ral tribute in low numbers pay,
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But

b Thalia.] The name of the rural muse.

c Varus.] A great favourite of Augustus, the same that was killed in Germany, and lost the Roman legions.

d Chromis

76 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Non iniussa cano. si quis tamen haec quoque, si quis

Captus amore leget; te nostrae, Vare, myricae,

Te nemus omne canet. nec Phoebus gratior ulla est,

Quam sibi quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.

Pergite, Pierides. Chromis et Mnasyllus in antro

Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,

Inflatum hesternis venas, ut semper, Iaccho,

Serta procul tantum capti delapsa jacebant:

Et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.

Aggressi (nam saepe senex spe carminis ambo

Luferat) injiciunt ipsis ex vincula Tertis.

Addit

d Chromis and Mnasyllus.] Some interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their names, which are never used for shepherds, or any where, that I remember, but here.

e They

But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
And ev'ry grove and ev'ry echo ring.
Phoebus delights in Varus' fav'rite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.

Proceed my muse.

Young Chromis and Mnafylus d' chanc'd to stray
Where, sleeping in a cave, Silenus lay,
Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein ;
His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use ;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground ;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound ;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope of his instructive song :

But

* They bound.] Proteus, Pan, and Silenus would never tell
what was desired, till they were bound.

f Nais.]

78. POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Addit se fociam, timidisque supervenit Aegle :

Aegle Naiadum pulcherrima. jamque videnti

Sanguineis frontem moris, et tempora pingit.

Ille dolum ridens, quo vincula neſtitis? inquit.

Solvite me, pueri. fatis eſt potuiſſe videri.

Carmina quae vultis, cognoscite : carmina vobis;

Huic aliud mercedis erit. ſimul incipit ipſe.

Tum vero in numerum Faunosque ſeraſque videres

Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.

Nec tantum Phoebos gaudet Parnaſſia rupes :

Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Iſmarus Orpheus

Namque canebat, uti magnum par inane coacta

Semina terrarumque, animaeque, marisve fuiſſent,

Et liquidi ſimul ignis : ut his exordia primis

Omnia;

[Nais.] The Latin word for a water-nymph.

g Verē

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 79

But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
 Aegle, the fairest Nais of the flood;
 With a vermilion dye g his temples stain'd.
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
 Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
 And view a god, but 'tis too bold to bind.
 The promis'd verte no longer I'll delay,
 (She shall be satisfy'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
 The knotty oaks their listning branches bow'd,
 And savage beasts, and sylvan gods did crowd:

For lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
 How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,
 And purer fire, through universal night
 And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
 From whence th' innumerable race of things,
 By circular successive order springs.

By
 g Vermilion dye.] The colour that Pan and Silenus loved best.
 b Rival'd

80 POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Omnia, et ipse tenet mundum conreperit orbis.

Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto

Coeperit, et serum paulatim fumere formas.

Jamque novum ut terrae stupeant lacerare solem,

Altius utque cadant submotis nubibus imbres:

Incipiant sylvae cum primum furgere, cumque

Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes,

Hinc lapides Pyrrhae iactos, Saturnia regna,

Caucasiasque refert volucres, furtumque Promethei.

His adjungit, Hylan nautae quo fonte relictum

Clamassent:

b Rival'd the sun.] Minerva delighted with the art and industry of Prometheus, (who had made an image of clay so perfect that it wanted nothing but life) carried him up to heaven, where he lighted a wand at the chariot of the sun, with which fire he animated his image. Ovid. 2. M.

* Hylas.] Favourite of Hercules, who was drown'd in a well, which made the poets say that a nymph had stole him away. I use the word *refound*, in the present tense, because Strabo, who lived

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 81

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
Was hard'ned, woods, and rocks, and towns to bear ;
How sinking waters, the firm land to drain,
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main ;
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born sun surpriz'd the dazled sight ;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply ;
How the first forest rais'd its shady head, [fed.
Till when, few wand'ring beasts on unknown mountains

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
Rival'd the sun *b* with his own heav'nly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vultures endless prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph, for who but gods could tell ?
Into whose arms the lovely Hylas *i* fell ;

Alcides

lived at the same time as Virgil, seems to intimate, that the
Prussians continued then their annual rites to his memory, re-
peating his name with loud cries.

F

A The

82 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Clamassent: ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.
Et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent,
Paliphaen nivei solatur amore juvenci.

Ah, virgo infelix, quae te dementia cepit?
Proetides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros:
At non tam turpes pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
Concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,
Et saepe in laevi quaesisset cornua fronte.

Ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras!
Ille, latus niveum molli sultus hyacintho,
Ilice sub nigra pallentes ruminant herbas.

Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. claudite nymphae,
Dictaeae nymphae, nemorum jam claudite saltus:
Si qua forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris
Errabunda bovis vestigia. forsitan illum
Aut herba captum viridi, aut armenta secutum,
Perducant aliquae stabula ad Gortynia vaccae.

Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam:

Tum

* The maids of Argos.] Daughters of Praetis king of Argus, who presumed so much upon their beauty, that they preferred it to Juno's, who, in revenge, struck them with such madness, that they thought themselves cows. They were at last cured by

Me-

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 83

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the coast.

He with compassion told Pasiphae's fault,
Ah! wretched queen! whence came that guilty thought?
The maids of Argos *k*, who with frantic cries
And imitated lowings fill'd the skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with such unnat'ral heat.
Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains stray,
He on soft flow'rs his snowy side does lay;
Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, she cries, surround the grove;
Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wand'ring way;
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I roam,
My happier rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,
And
Melampodes with helebore; and for that reason, black helebore
is called *Melampodion*.

82 FORMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

84 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

Tum Phaethontidas musco circumdat amaræ
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.

Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum ;

Utque viro Phoebi chorus adsurrexerit omnis ;

Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,

Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,

Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, musæ,

Ascræo quos ante seni : quibus ille solebat

Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.

His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo :

Ne quis sit lucus, quo se plus jactet Apollo.

Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est,

Candida

[Gallus.] An excellent poet, and great friend of Virgil; he was afterwards prætor of Egypt, and being accused of some conspiracy, or rather called upon for some monies, of which he could give no good account, he killed himself. It is the same Gallus you read of in the last Eclogue: and Suidas says, that Virgil means him by Aristaus, in the divine conclusion of his Georgics.

[Linus.] Son of Apollo and Calliope.

n The

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 85

And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verse, the poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which muse did by Apollo's will
Guide wand'ring Gallus / to th' Aonian hill;
(Which place the god for solemn meetings chose.)
With deep respect the learned senate rose,
And Linus *m* thus, deputed by the rest,
The hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd:
This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
To this, the muse's gift, join thy harmonious song;
Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful sound.
Thus consecrated, thy Grynæan *n* grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why should I speak of the Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?

And

n The Grynæan grove.] Consecrated to Apollo; by this he means some poem writ upon that subject by Gallus.

o The Megarian maid.] Sylla, daughter of Nisus king of Megara,
F 3

86 POEMS on Several OCCASIONS.

Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstris.

Dulichias vexasse rates, et gurgite in alto

Ah timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis :

Aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus ?

Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona paravit ?

Quo cursu deserta petiverit, et quibus ante

Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis ?

Omnia quæ, Phoebo quondam meditante, beatus

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque edificere lauros,

Ille canit. pulsæ referunt ad fidera valles.

Cogere donec oves stabulis, numerumque referre

Jussit, et invito processit Vesper Olympo.

A D

gara, who falling in love with Minos, betrayed her father and country to him ; but he abhorring her treason, rejected her.

¶ Her, who round.] Another Sylla, daughter of Phorcis, whose lower parts were turned into dogs by Circe ; and she, in despair, flung herself into the sea.

¶ Whose only hope.] Ulysses' ships were not lost, though Scylla devoured several of his men.

¶ Euro-

And her *p*, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
The wand'ring Greeks, ah! frighted men, alarm'd;
Whose only hope *q* on shatter'd ships depends,
While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force;
While loth to leave the palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her own.

Whatever near Eurotas' *r* happy stream
With laurels crown'd had been Apollo's theam,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And send his mystic numbers through the sky;
Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted sheep from ev'ry dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing shades the murmur'ing world resign'd.

THE

r Eurotas.] A River in Greece, whose banks were shaded with laurels; Apollo retired thither to lament the death of his dear Hyacinthus, whom he had accidentally killed.

A D

A R I S T I U M.

L I B. I. O D E XXII.

INTEGER vitae, scelerisque purus

Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,

Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,

Fusce, pharetra :

Sive

R E M A R K S.

Horace writes to the same Aristius Fuscus, to whom he addressed the tenth epistle of the first book. He was a rhetorician, grammarian, and poet. There is not any thing in this ode by which one may make a conjecture in what time it was made ; but if this Lalage is the same with her in the fifth ode in the second book, of which I make no doubt, it must have been written much later than the other. No one has hitherto given any light to this passage ; let us see what conjecture can be made of it.

Fuscus Aristius was in love with Lalage : Horace, who was in a strict league of friendship with him, and who also loved Lalage, but rather as the friend of Aristius than as his rival, writes him an account of an adventure that happened to him, in which Lalage had preserved him from an imminent danger, upon the account of his having sung her praises. He attributes his safety to this mistress, whom he looks upon as a goddess coming to his succour, in reward for those sentiments, as respectful as passionate, which he

THE
TWENTY-SECOND ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
The surest guard is innocence:
None knew, 'till guilt created fear,
What darts or poison'd arrows were.

Integrity

he had for her. This is the reason he begins the ode with describing his being innocent, and free from any vicious intentions. This is making a great compliment to Lalage, and at the same time confirming the friendship of his rival, by preventing his being jealous of him.

This ode is so polite and gallant, as never to be sufficiently commended.

L. 1. *Integer vitae, scelerisque purus.*] These are Oreek phrases, in which the preposition *ex* is to be understood; for let the grammarians say what they will, *integer* and *purus* can never govern a genitive case.

L. 2. *Mauri jaculus.*] He speaks of the darts of the Moors, by reason those people shot wonderfully from the bow.

L. 3. *Venenatis sagittis.*] The Moors were obliged to poison their arrows, to defend themselves from wild beasts, which their country was full of.

90 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuofas,

5

Sive facturus per inhospitalem T

Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus

Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me sylva lupus in Sabina,

Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra

10

Terminum curis vagor expeditis,

Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris

Daunia in latis alit esculetis:

Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum

15

Arida nutrix.

Pone

L. 5. Per Syrtes aestuofas.] It is not to be understood here that which is properly called the Syrtes of Afric, but all sorts of places, sandy and burning, as those countries are over-against the Syrtes.

L. 6. Inhospitalem Caucasum.] The Greeks called Caucasus, Ἀγέτορ, ἄζωτορ, ἀπάρθρωτορ: Horace has expressed it all by this one word *inhospitalis*. Caucasus is between the port Euxine and the Hircanian sea, and signifies, perhaps, The rampart of Scythia.

L. 7. Fabulosus Hydaspes.] Hydaspes is a river in India; it is now called Lobchan. *Fabulosus* does not signify fabulous, but renowned, famous. Pliny has called Atlas after the same manner, *Fabulosissimum Africae montem*, The most celebrated mountain of Afric.

L. 9. Namque me sylva lupus in Sabina.] He speaks upon another occasion after the same manner, that being one day asleep, in a very retired place, the doves covered him with leaves of laurel and myrtle, and that he slept there safely in the midst of vipers and bears.

L. 13.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan sands or Scythian fnows,
Or where Hydaspes' wealthy fide
Pays tribute to the Perfian pride.

For as, by am'rous thoughts betray'd,
Careless in Sabin woods I stray'd,
A grifly foaming wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet, trembling, fled.

No beast of more portentous fize
In the Hercinian forest lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set
[L. 13. *Militaris Daunia.*] *Daunia* is properly that part of the Pouille which juts out into the Adriatic sea; where is Sipontus and mount Gargan, now called mount St. Angelo: But all Pouille, from the Samnites even to Calabria, was also called *Daunia*, as is all Italy. Horace uses it here in the second signification, and calls it warlike, by reason it produces very good soldiers.

[L. 14. *In latis esculetis.*] Pouille is much over-run with wood; it is that which is named by the Greeks *Daunia*, from the word Δάω, Δάω, which signifies covert, thick, thicket, Hesych: Δάω δασός, *Daunia terra* is then properly, γῆ δασέα, a land of much under-woody covert. Mr. Guget had written this remark on the margin of his Horace, which the learned Mr. Menage lent me.

[L. 15. *Nec Jubae telles.*] Mauritania is a part of Numidia, which was under the government of Juba, who had there so great a number of lions and tygers, that the people were at last forced to abandon their dwellings, and the tilling of their ground.

92 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis

Arbor aestiva recreatur aura :

Quod latus mundi, nebulae, malusque

Jupiter urget :

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui

Solis, in terra domibus negata :

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,

Dulce loquentem.

A D

L. 17. *Pone me, pigris.*] He means, there is no place so savage, nor so hideous, that the thoughts of his mistress would not render agreeable to him, and where that goddess, whose powerful protection he has already experienced, could not send him succour, and draw him out of all those dangers which should threaten his life. It is on this account he is resolved always to love her, and this love will be a certain refuge for him in every danger. In all the books of chivalry there is nothing more gallant.

Pigris campis.] These four verses admirably design the two Polar Zones, which are always environed by ice and killing frosts. Barren grounds wonderfully express countries condemned to a perpetual sterility, and in a manner deprived of the motion of life.

L. 19. *Quod latus mundi.*] *Latus* is a very proper word, the two Zones being the two sides of the world.

Malusque Jupiter urget.] This expression is extremely fine, and very poetical. He looks upon these plants as deformed by Jupiter, as a mark of his anger: nothing could better paint the inclemency of a climate: Jupiter, for the air.

L. 21. *Pone sub curru.*] Under the Torrid Zone, between the two tropics.

L. 22:

POEMS on several OCCASIONS. 93

Set me in the remotest place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;
Where angry Jove did never spare
One breath of kind and temp'rate air.

Set me, where on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the sun
So near their scorching country run.

The burning Zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Caelia's smiles:
All cold but in her breast I will despise,
And dare all heat but that in Caelia's eyes.

THE

L. 22. In terra domibus negata.] The ancients believed the Torrid Zone to be intirely uninhabitable; but now every one knows that it is not only inhabited, but also very temperate, through the happy mixture of warmth by day, and the fresh breezes of the night.

L. 3. Dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem.] Horace has here joined two the most considerable allurements, the grace of making her laugh, and speak, agreeably. He has translated, word for word, this fine passage of Sappho.

— Καὶ πλάσιν ἀδὺ φωνῶσας ἰπαῖκας

Καὶ γελῶσας ἱμῶν.

Who hears you speak with so much pleasure,
And is charm'd when e'er you smile.

This

R O M A N O S.

L I B. III. O D E VI.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues,

Romane : donec templa refeceris,

Aedesque labentes deorum, et

Foeda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dis

R E M A R K S.

This ode is a lesson of morality. Horace is persuading the Romans, that contempt of religion, and corruption of manners, were the sole causes of all the misfortunes which had befallen Rome. The time when it was written was after the defeat of Antony, about the year of Rome, 724, or 725.

L. 1. Delicta majorum immeritus lues.] The Pagans had discovered this truth, that posterity might suffer for a crime of their ancestors; and that till such crime was atoned for, the children of the offenders were liable to the punishment due to their crime.

L. 2. Donec templa refeceris.] He means the temples which had been burned during the wars. This points at Augustus in particular for that prince was very diligent in repairing the temples which had been demolished or burnt, and raising them up again.

L. 3.

T H E
S I X T H O D E,
O F T H E
T H I R D B O O K O F H O R A C E.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke,
And statues fully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propi-

L. 3. *Aedesque labentes deorum.*] The difference between the *aedes sacra*, and the *temple*, was this; *aedes sacra* was properly a sacred edifice dedicated to some deity, but without the ceremony of the Augurs; a *temple* was a certain space of ground set apart by the Augurs, but not hallowed nor consecrated to any of the gods, as the *Rostra*, *Curia Pompeia*, *Curia Julia*, *Curia Hostilia*. Hence it is no hard matter to conceive how one might be turned into the other; that is, how a *temple* might be made an *aedes sacra*, and an *aedes sacra* a *temple*: there were several at Rome, which were both the one and the other at the same time.

L. 4. *Et foeda nigro simulacra fumo.*] This is a fine passage. Horace, after he had spoke of the temples being burnt, sets before

96 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas.

Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.

Di multa neglecti dederunt

Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

Jam bis Monachos, et Pacori manus

Non

fore the eyes of the Romans the statues of the gods, all over black with the smoke of the flames which had turned the temples to ashes. Here it is proper to mention what we find, book i. ode 35. which was written a little after this:

----- Quid intactum nefasti

Liquimus? unde manus juvenus

Metu decorum continuit? quibus

Pepercit aris? -----

“ Profane wretches! what have we not desl’d? in what instance
“ has the fear of the gods restrained the sacrilegious hands of our
“ young soldiers? is there any one of the altars which they have
“ spared?”

L. 5. Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas.] Christians themselves could not have given better instructions to princes: you are no longer kings than you own a God above you, and trust in his power. This Horace writ not so much for the Roman people, as for Augustus; of whom, book i. ode 12. speaking to Jupiter, he says,

Tc

Propitious heav'n, that rais'd your fathers high,

For humble, grateful piety,

(As it rewarded their respect)

Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;

All empires on the Gods depend,

Begun at their command, at their command they end.

Let Crassus' ghost, and Labienus tell

How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,

And

Te minor latum reget aequus orbem:

"He will ever own you to be above him; he will content himself with the government of the world."

L. 6. *Hinc omne principium.*] He says we should begin all our works with prayer to the gods, and end them with thanksgivings. This he recommends as a seasonable precept, after so much misery which had followed upon the contempt of religion.

L. 8. *Hesperiae.*] Italy, called also, *Hesperia proxima*, to distinguish it from Spain, which was called, *Hesperia ultima*.

L. 9. *Jam bis Monaces.*] Undoubtedly Horace speaks here of the two victories which the Parthians got over the Romans, one under Monaces, and the other under Pacorus their generals. He likewise imputes these misfortunes of the Romans to the contempt which they had shewn to religion. It is probable, that one of these victories of the Parthians, was the defeat of Crassus, who marched against the Parthians, in defiance of all the unlucky omens which happened both at Rome, and in the camp, as Dion reports, hist. book 40. But the difficulty is to know whether Crassus

See page 27

98 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Non auspicatos contudit impetus

10

Nostros, et adjecisse praedam

Torquibus exiguis renidet.

Pene occupatam seditionibus

Delevit urbem Dacus, et Aethiops :

Hic

was defeated by Monaeses, who was a chief man about king Orodes. Historians agree that it was Surena who routed Crassus. What is *Surena*? not a proper name, but a title of dignity, and signifies, *The king's lieutenant*: now, Monaeses was the second man in the empire; and therefore it is probable that Surena was the title of Monaeses. This passage of Horace is very considerable; for it is the only one, of all antiquity, which gives us light in this famous story. The victory of Monaeses over the Romans proved fatal to himself: for king Orodes growing jealous of his glory, put him to death soon after it. And therefore that Monaeses, who put himself into Antony's hands, seventeen years after this defeat of Crassus, and whom Antony sent back to Phraates, either because he suspected him, or because he hoped he might do him good service about the prince, was the son of the former.

[Et Pacori manus.] Pacorus was the eldest son of Orodes, who sent him to ravage Syria presently upon the defeat of Crassus: but he was then so young, that he had only the name of general, and Ozaces commanded the army. He was sent thither again with Labienus two or three years after, and did great service; for he subdued all Syria, except Tyre, as Dion writes, book 48. He was defeated and slain three years after by Ventidius, Antony's lieutenant.

L. 10. Non auspicatos contudit impetus.] He calls the efforts of the Romans against the Parthians, *non auspicatos*, unauspicious; contrary to the Auspices, because Crassus had entered upon this war with singular contempt of those divine tokens. First of all, when

And with insulting pride
Shining in Roman spoils the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Aegyptian scum

Had almost ruin'd Rome,

While

when he left Rome, the tribune Ateius having opposed his departure, and not being able to stop him, conveyed a chaffing-dish to the city gate, through which he was to pass; and as Crassus went out, he cast some perfumes upon the fire, and then threw it about, with horrible curses and imprecations. This Crassus minded not, but went on his way. In like manner he slighted all the unlucky presages that befel him. And lastly, when the soothsayers let him know, that the tokens in the sacrifices were unfortunate, he took no notice of what they said.

L. 11. Et adjecisse praedam torquibus.] He says, that the Parthians enlarged the chains about their necks, with the gold and silver which they had taken from the Romans. Here it must be remembered, that the Parthians wore chains about their necks, like the old Gauls and Germans.

L. 12. Renidet.] Γελά, *be laughs*. So Catullus, ode 36.

Egnatius quod candidos habet dentes,
Renidet usquequaque.

"Egnatius is always laughing, because he has white teeth."

L. 14. Delevit urbem Dacus et Aethiops.] This is not to be understood of two several times, as though the Dacians and Ethiopians had like to have taken Rome one after another: Horace speaks here of the forces of Antony and Cleopatra, who had a design on the city, as he says, book i. ode 37.

----- Dum capitolio
Regina dementes ruinas,
Fumus et imperio parabat.

100 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Hic classe formidatus, ille

15

Missilibus melior sagittis.

Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias

Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos.

Hoc fonte derivata clades

In patriam, populumque fluxit.

20

Motus

“ While the mad queen threatened final destruction to the capital and empire,” It must be noted, that the Ethiopians and Dacians composed a great part of Antony’s troops.

Aethiops.] The troops of Cleopatra, Ethiopians and Egyptians; for Egypt was comprehended under the general name of Ethiopia.

L. 15. Hic classe formidatus.] For the Egyptians were most of Antony’s forces for sea service.

L. 16. Ille missilibus melior sagittis.] This is the Dacian. The Northern people were generally good archers; and Strabo says their arms were sword, buckler, bow, and quiver.

L. 17. Fœcunda culpæ sæcula.] The corruption of manners in Horace’s time cannot be better expressed than in this Epigram of Catullus:

Consule Pompeio primum duo, Cinna, solebant

Mœchi. Illi, ah! factò consule nunc iterum

Man-

POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS. 101

While our seditions took their part,
Fill'd each Aegyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.

First, those flagitious times,
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crouding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.
Behold

Manferunt duo, sed creverunt millia in unum

Singulum, foecundum semen adulterio.

"Cinna, in the first consulate of Pompey, you could see but two adulterers at Rome. In his second likewise you could find but these two. But since that, each of these has produced a thousand. O prolific adultery!" By the two adulterers, Catullus means Caesar and Mamurra. A little after this ode was written, Augustus published the Julian law, to prevent adulteries.

L. 19. *Hoc fonte derivata clades.*] It is very remarkable, that Horace here ascribes all the calamities which had happened to Rome, and all the civil wars, to adulteries only. In this he follows the doctrine of Pythagoras, who taught, that nothing was of more mischievous consequence than confounding families, and grafting aliens upon them by adultery.

G 3

L. 21.

102 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos

Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus

Jam nunc, et incestos amores

De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox juniores quaerit adulteros

25

Inter mariti vina: neque eligit,

Cui

L. 21. Motus.] As the Greeks use *κινεῖσθαι*, to move one's self, for *ὀρχεῖσθαι*, to dance, so the Latins use *moveri* and *motus* for the same. Thus Horace in another place;

Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus.

And again, ----- ut qui

Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.

And Virgil, "dant motus incompósitos." Cicero has the same phrase in his third paradox: "Histrion si paulo se movit extra numerum."

Ionicos.] Ionian dances were the most lascivious of any. For the world did not afford a more voluptuous people than the Ionians.

L. 22. Matura virgo.] That is, a maid who is marriageable; for among the old Romans it was counted a reproach for a maid of that age to dance; this exercise being permitted to none but young children.

Fingitur artubus.] *Fingere* signifies the same as *formare*, *componere*, to fashion, to fit. It is a term borrowed from the dancing-schools. Horace says, that at that age the maid was still pra-

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
 Bound prentice to the wanton trade;
 Ionian artists at a mighty price
 Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;
 What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
 And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
 By practice of adult'rous loves,

And

practising to make her joints supple, that she might succeed the better in her lascivious movements. Lambin has read in some manuscripts, *singitur artibus*. If that be the true reading, Horace would say that the maids learned all the tricks, and practised all the inveigling arts, which common strumpets made use of in their trade.

L. 24. *De tenero meditatur ungui.*] This is a Greek proverb, *ἐξ ἀπαιλῶ τῶν οὐνύχων*, "de tenero ungui, de teneris unguiculis, from one's tender age." Tully, in an epistle to Lentulus, says, "Sed praeſta te eum qui mihi a teneris, ut Graeci dicunt, unguiculis es cognitus. Let me find you the same man as I have always known you to be ever since you was a little child." Observe here how Horace uses the preposition *de* instead of *a*.

L. 25. *Juniores quaerit adulteros.*] *Juniores* may signify here simply, the youngest, or such as were younger than their husbands, or new ones; as book i. ode 33.

L. 26. *Inter mariti vina.*] A passage of Ovid may explain this, in his first book *de arte*.

Ergo ubi contigerint positi tibi munera Bacchi,
 Atque erit in socii foemina parte tori, etc.

Cui donet impermissa raptim

Gaudia, luminibus remotis :

Sed iussa coram non sine conscio

Surgit marito : seu vocat inflitor,

30

Seu navis Hispanae magister,

Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.

Non

" When you are at the table with your mistress, and she sits up-
" on the same couch with you," etc.

L. 28. Gaudia.] This word must not be changed. Ovid has
it in the same sense, de arte lib. i.

Gaudia nec cupidas vestra negate viris.

And Tibullus:

Cui Venus hesterni gaudia nocte tulit.

L. 29. Coram.] Before all the company. This word is op-
posed here to *luminibus remotis*. Suetonius uses it in speaking of
Augustus, in the sixty-ninth chapter of his life.

Non sine conscio.] This is opposed to *raptim*. Horace is not
satisfied to describe the debaucheries of women only; but, to strike
more horror, he adds, that their husbands consented; which is
the highest degree of lewdness.

L. 30.

And scorns the common mean design
To take advantage of her husband's wine,
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call;

Hither a merchant from the Straits,

Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,

Or city Cannibal, repairs,

Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs,

Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame,

Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted name.

Twas

L. 30. *Seu vocat infitor.*] *Infitor* is properly a factor to a merchant, an agent. Ovid *de arte*, lib. i.

Infitor ad dominam veniet discinctus emacem,

Expediet merces teque sedente suas.

"The merchant's factor will come to your mistress who wants
"to buy somewhat, and will open all his ware in your sight.

L. 31. *Seu navis Hispanae magister.*] *Magister navis* sometimes signifies the chief man in the ship, or the pilot; but here Horace puts it for the owner of the vessel, the trading merchant. Now there was great trade between Italy and Spain: the Spaniards furnished Rome with wine, and carried back goods from thence in exchange.

L. 32. *Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*] The word *pretiosus*
here

Non his juvenus orta parentibus

Infecit aequor sanguine Punico,

Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit

35

Antiochum, Annibalemque dirum :

Sed rusticorum mascula militum

Proles

here is a very ingenious, pertinent epithet: for it signifies one who buys dear, who spares for nothing; much the same as *deus*. Horace handsomely describes the avarice of the women in his time, who preferred merchants and ship-masters for their gallants, only because they paid better than others.

L. 33. Non his juvenus orta parentibus.] Here he illustrates what he hinted at the 17th verse, that frequent adulteries had spoiled good families, so that one might see a great difference between the Romans of his time, and their brave ancestors, who vanquished Pyrrhus, the Carthaginians, and Antiochus by sea and land.

L. 35. Pyrrhumque.] Pyrrhus was king of Epirus, and descended from Achilles. He routed the consul Laevinus, near Heraclea; but soon after he was overthrown by Fabricius and Curius; and retiring into Greece, he was slain with a blow of a tile, as he was besieging Antigonus in Argos, in the year of Rome 480.

L. 36. Ingentem Antiochum.] Antiochus was king of Syria.

Aemi-

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
 That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
 And quash'd the stern Aeacides;
 Made the proud Asian monarch feel
 How weak his gold was against Europe's steel;
 Forc'd ev'n dire Hannibal to yield,
 And won the long disputed world at Zama's fatal field.
 But soldiers of a rustic mold,

Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,

Either

Aemilius Regillus beat him by sea, and L. Scipio by land: at last he was slain by his own people, in the year of Rome 567.

L. 37. Sed rusticorum mascula militum.] The Roman troops were composed of rustics, countrymen, such as they raised for the most part in the territory of the Marfians, in Apulia, and among the Samnites. Varro has a fine remark upon this, in the beginning of his book of husbandry. "Viri magni nostri majores
 "non sine causa praeponerant rusticos Romanos urbanis; ut ruri
 "enim qui in villa vivunt ignaviores quam qui in agro versantur
 "in aliquo opere faciundo: sic qui in oppido sederent, quam
 "qui rura colerent, desidiores putabant. It is not without reason that those great men, our ancestors, preferred the Romans
 "in the country before those in the city; for as in the country
 "itself, those whose business lies within doors are lazier than
 "those who stir abroad and work in the field; so they reckoned
 "that those who led a sedentary life in the city, were not so fit
 "for

108 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus

Versare glebas, et severae

Marris ad arbitrium recisos

40

Portare fustes, sol ubi montium

Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret

Bobus fatigatis, amicum

Tempus agens abeunte curru.

Damnosa

"for service as those that followed husbandry." The same author has something fuller yet, in the beginning of his third book. "Itaque non sine causa majores nostri ex urbe in agris redigebant cives suos, quod et in pace a rusticis Romanis alebantur, et in bello ab his tutabantur. Our forefathers were in the right, to send citizens abroad, and settle them in country places; because the Romans in the country furnished the city with provisions in time of peace, and defended it in war."

L. 38. Sabellis docta ligonibus.] Which is as much as to say, that the soldiers were Samnites. For Sabellus is a diminutive of Samnis, as Scabellum of Samnium.

L. 40. Severae matris ad arbitrium.] This is a good description of a painful mother who makes her children work, and will not be pleased if they do not bring home good loads of fuel at night. He has the same thought again, book v. ode 2.

The Samnite women

Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did found.

And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time

women were so industrious, that they managed the farms for their husbands, and left them nothing to do. See Columella's preface to his eleventh book, where he opposes the pains-taking women of the first times, to the fine, lazy, voluptuous dames of his own age.

L. 41. Sol ubi montium mutaret umbras.] This *mutare* of Horace, is the same with Virgil's *duplicare*. It may be explained of the changing of place. For when the sun sets, the shadow is not in the same place where it was three hours before.

L. 42. Et juga demeret bobus.] The Greeks have happily expressed this by one word, *βέλυσκς*, or *βελυτς*, which Tully uses in his xxviii epistle to Atticus, book xv. *Advenabat autem βελύσκεις κομάντιβς nobis.* He came in the evening as we were at supper, about the time of unyoking the oxen. See the second ode of the fifth book.

L. 43. Amicum tempus.] He calls the evening a friend to labourers, because it puts an end to their day's work.

L. 45.

110 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies ?

45

Aetas parentum, pejor avis, tulit

Nos nequiores, mox daturos

Progeniem vitiosiorera.

L. 45. *Damnosa.*] *Damnosa*, as I have already observed, is properly one that never spares ; and therefore it is very fitly applied to time, which is likewise called *tempus edax*.

L. 46. *Aetas parentum.*] Here I admire the poet's art, who has said so much of four generations in three short verses. If it be true that he has imitated the verses of Aratus, as Lambin and Muretus tell us, the copy may be said to excel the original.

Οἶν' χρύσει πάτερ' ἔργων ἐλίποντο
Χειροτέρην, ὑμεῖς δὲ κακώτερα τεύχεαδε.

"A

POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.* III

Time sensibly all things impairs :

Our fathers have been worse than theirs ;

And we than ours ; next age will see

A race more profligate than we

(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

“ As your fathers left children not so good as themselves, so
“ you will leave those that are worse than you are.” Muretus
says farther, that both these poets have borrowed the thought
from Homer, who writes that few children are like their father ;
that he observed a great many to be worse, but rarely found one
better. But it will deserve to be noted, that Horace grounded
his remark upon true history of the times for the three first gene-
rations, and that he prophesied truly of the fourth, as is easy
to prove, by comparing the reign of Tiberius with that of
Augustus.

HORACE's

1800

Two kinds of things are said to be

On which have been the things

And we have seen; but we have

A very great number of things

Which are said to be (but we have

H O R A C E

Art of Poetry

T R A N S L A T E D

H O R A C E

1800

H O R A C E's
ART of POETRY

T R A N S L A T E D.

H

.. P R E-

Art of Poetry

[illegible]

Per questo magone sono d'umore lieto e allegro.

H. A.

It is desired, that the confidential character of the information
to which no man has more access than I am entitled,
but with all the respect due to the name of the President

P R E F A C E

TO THE

ART of POETRY.

I HAVE seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly, that, I think, it could never be more seasonable than now, to lay down such rules, as, if they be observed, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: but Horace must be read seriously, or not at all, for else the reader will not be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the meaning, and the words, of the author, and done nothing but what, I believe, he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

Per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit Alumnus.

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben. Johnson, to which no man pays more veneration than I, it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal

translation (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics, but, if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteemed were the best natured.

ROSCOMMON.

O F

OF THIS
TRANSLATION,
AND OF THE
USE OF POETRY.

By EDMUND WALLER, Esq;

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here, to comprehend his thought :
The poet writ to noble Piso, there,
A noble Piso does instruct us here,
Gives us a pattern in his flowing stile,
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle,
Britain, whose genius is in verse express'd
Bold and sublime, but negligently drefs'd.

Horace will our superfluous branches prune,

Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune,

Direct us how to back the winged horse,

Favour his flight, and moderate his force.

Though poets may of inspiration boast,

Their rage ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost;

He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,

At once his fancy and his judgment shows.

Chast moral writing we may learn from hence,

Neglect of which no wit can recompence;

The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,

That sacred stream should never water weeds,

Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,

Which envy or perverted nature low.

Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,

Heroic thoughts, and virtue to infuse;

Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,

But they move more, in lofty numbers told;

By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The muse's friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err ;
But where a brave, a public action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines ;
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight ;
Praise of great acts, he scatters as a seed,
Which may the like, in coming ages, breed.

Here taught the fate of verses, always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd,
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts ;
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear,
May like the language of the gods appear.

Such as of old, wise bards employ'd, to make
Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake;

Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes :
For rudest minds with harmony were caught;
And civil life was by the muses taught.

So wand'ring bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive,
To robe the flow'rs, and to forbear the spoil.
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil,
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the absent sun supply.

REMARKS

REMARKS

ON

HORACE'S Art of Poetry.

IN Asia, Greece, Macedonia, and Egypt, there were, time out of mind, select assemblies of persons to examine the writings of the poets and orators. Augustus erected such a society at Rome, and encouraged them by rewards and honours. He assigned them the Temple and Library of Apollo to meet at. And to this the assemblies of learned men, which we call Academies, owe their origin. Theodorus Marcilus, who however does not tell us his authority, says the number of this Roman Academy was twenty, of which five or seven can only be termed judges. He goes so far as to give us the names of them, and whether he is right or not, he could not have named better men than his society was composed of. As Virgil, Varius, Tarma, Mecaenas, Plotius, Valgius, Octavius, Fuscus, the two Viscus's, Rollio, the two Messala's, the two Bibulus's, Servius, Fulvius, Tibullus, Piso the father, and Horace. The only foundation I know for this assertion of his, is the end of the tenth satire of the first book. He is not satisfied to give us a list of this Academy; he will have it that it was on account of Horace's being a member

of

of it, that he was put upon writing *the art of poetry*, and collecting all the rules, and all the judgments that were made in the society. I wish, with all my heart, this was so, because what Mr. La Bruyere says of such assemblies would not then be true, that they never produced any work which was entire and perfect in its kind. But whether Horace wrote this piece as a public matter, or private, his design was to give the Romans an art of poetry, that should take in all that Aristotle, Crito, Zeno, Democritus, and Neoptolemus of Paros, had written on the subject. Nay, some will have it, that it is almost nothing else but a compilation of the most excellent rules of the latter. For Porphyrius writes, "In quem librum coniecit praecepta Neoptolemi de arte poetica, non quidem omnia, sed eminentissima. Horace has in this book set down Neoptolemus' rules for the art of poetry, not all indeed, but the most excellent of them." As he did not write it regularly, nor observe any other order than chance threw in his way; so there is no method, and no connection of parts in this treatise, which seems not to be finished; he having not time to give the last hand to it; or what is more likely, not being willing to be at the trouble. Those who believe it would be more perfect if his verses were transposed, are mistaken. All we can do, in my opinion, is to mark the void spaces, and to divide the heads without changing the form: This was monsieur Le Fevre's judgment. The want of connection is not without its graces, especially in rules, which should be free, and have nothing in them either loose or languishing. The order Heinsius would put it in, seems only to shew the beauty of the disorder in which Horace left it.

Next

Next to Aristotle's Art of Poetry, I know of no piece of criticism in antiquity, which is more excellent than this. All his decisions are so many truths drawn from the nature of the things he treats of. Julius Scaliger erred very much against good sense and reason, in what he said of this work. "Will you know, says he, what I think of Horace's Art of Poetry? It is an art taught without art. De arte quæ res quod sentiam, "Quid? Equidem quod de arte sine arte tradita." Though it is only an epistle like the preceding ones, yet Horace gives it the title of "The Art of Poetry, "De Arte Poetica," to distinguish it from the others, in which he treated of this art only occasionally. The antiquity of this title is not to be doubted of, since Quintilian quotes it in the third chapter of his eighth book, "Id enim tale est monstrum quale Horatius in "prima parte libri de arte poetica fingit: humano "capiti," etc.

ARTE POETICA Liber,

P I S O N E S.

HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,

Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum

Definat in piscem mulier formosa superne;

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?

Credite,

L. 1. Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam.] Horace all at once lays down the most general and necessary rule, on which all the rest are founded, which is the simplicity and unity of the subject, in the disposition, the ornaments, and the stile. He could not render the faults committed against this unity better than by comparing them to this extravagance in a picture.

L. 3. Ut turpiter atrum definat in piscem mulier formosa superne.] As Virgil in his third book represents Scylla.

Prima, hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo

Pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pisfris

Delphinum caudas utero, commissa luporum.

Upwards

H O R A C E

O F T H E

A R T O F P O E T R Y .

IF in a picture, Piso! you should see
 A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
 Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
 Or limbs of beasts of the most diff'rent kinds,

Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
 Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?

Trust

"Upwards it is a beautiful figure, and a very beautiful virgin for-
 half its body; downwards it is a horrible whale, ending in a
 dolphin's tale, joined to a wolf's belly." *Atter pifeis* for a
 horrible fish, as Porphyry, *atrum piscem, belluam marinam*, etc.

L. 5. *Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici.*] Taken from
 the custom of painters, and sculptors, to expose a statue or por-
 trait when finished, and to publish, that it might be seen on such
 a day. At which time great numbers of spectators used to come
 to view it.

L. 6.

Credite, Pifones, isti tabulae fore librum
 Perfimilem, cujus, velut aegri somnia, vanae
 Fingentur species: ut nec pes, nec caput uni
 Reddatur formae. Pictoribus atque poetis
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas. 10
 Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:

Sed

L. 6, Credite, Pifones.] To prevent the Pifos giving into the vulgar error, that the breach of unity is no fault, he says, "Credite, believe, be convinced." He was afraid these young gentlemen should be led away by bad poets, whose interest it was that this rule should not be established. Though this epistle is addressed to Piso and his children, as appears by the 24th verse, yet it is to his children more particularly; and thus the difference Porphyry speaks of is reconciled: "Scribit ad Pifones viros nobiles disertosque patrem et filios, vel, ut alii volunt, ad Pifones fratres. Horace writes to the young Pifos and their father, or, as others pretend, only to the children."

Pifones.] There were three or four families of these Pifos in Rome at the same time, who were all Calpurnians, and said they descended from Calpus the son of Numa. One was that of Cneus Piso of Plancina, who killed himself, being accused of poisoning Germanicus, and left two children, Cneus and Marcus. But it could not be these Pifos to whom Horace addresses; for these children were not born, or were very young, when this epistle was written. There was another branch of the Pifos, called Cesonins, that descended from Lucius Piso, who had been censor, and whose daughter Calpurnia, Julius Caesar married; Piso who was consul with Drusus Libo, in the year of Rome 738, was his son, Horace being one and fifty years old in that consulate. Augustus gave the governments of Rome and Thrace to this Piso, who was a man of pleasure, a confidant to both Augustus and Tiberius, great pontiff at fourscore years of

age,

Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
 Whose incoherent stile, like sick mens dreams,
 Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
 Painters and poets have been still allow'd
 Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
 This privilege we freely give and take ;

But

age, *Romae urbis* 785 ; and to this Piso and his children it is that Horace writes.

[*Isti tabulae fore librum perfimilem.*] He is not satisfied with saying, that a writing so varnished will be like this monster, he adds *perfimilem*, it will be entirely like.

[*Librum.*] All writings of what nature soever, though he treats particularly of epic and dramatic poetry.

[*L. 7. Velut aegri fomnia.*] Like the dreams of a sick-man, always rambling.

[*Vanae species.*] Ideas of things that do not subsist together in nature, and are only to be met with in the empty brains of sick-men, mad-men, or bad poets.

[*L. 8. Ut nec pes, nec caput uni reddatur formae.*] An explication of *vanae species*, the head and feet of which are of a different kind.

[*L. 9. Pictoribus atque poetis quidlibet audendi.*] The answer of ill poets, who will not subject themselves to the rules of their art. Poets and painters, say they, may do what they please, nothing is too daring for them. They abuse the privilege of poetry, and thus excuse their most monstrous fancies, and most extravagant dreams. That privilege is of great extent, it is true ; Ovid talks of the "*saecunda licentia vatum* ;" and Lucian asserts, that painters and poets are not accountable for their fancies ; but Horace is shewing us what bounds they ought to set to this licence.

[*L. 11. Scimus.*] Horace's answer to the bad poets ; after having said, *I know* the privilege of poetry, he would go on *sed non*, but he is interrupted by the same poets, who proceed.

[*Et hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim.*] My opinion of this

Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia; non ut

Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis,

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter

15

Adfuitur

this verse is discovered in the preceeding remark. Some will have it, that Horace continues his answer without interruption, that as a poet he says, "Hanc veniam petimus, I demand this permission," as a critic, he adds, "Damusque vicissim, I give it in my turn." This agrees with the old commentator, who writes, "petimus quidem ut poetae, damus autem ut critici." But how could Horace demand permission to use this liberty, when he never looked upon himself as a poet? There must be a mistake in this passage. After he had said *scimus*, he is interrupted, as is observed before, by the ill poets. "Et hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim. We claim the privilege, as we give it to others." He cannot mean himself, he being no poet, as he declares afterwards, "Nil scribens ipse." Besides the dialogue is more agreeable, more lively, and more like Horace's manner.

L. 12. Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia.] Horace's answer, We give you the privilege you demand, but on condition you do not abuse it. I, a long-time, thought the first thirteen verses of this epistle were a sort of dedication and preface, and that Horace, to excuse the disorder in which he left it, wrote to the Pisos; "The book I address to you is like the picture I have been speaking of;" in which I was mistaken. He would then certainly have written it, "Fore librum hunc similem." Add to this, that not looking upon himself to be a poet, nor on his Art of Poetry as a work of importance, it is not likely he should go about to excuse its want of regularity; it being neither necessary

nor

But nature, and the common laws of sense
 Forbid to reconcile antipathies,
 Or make a snake engender with a dove,
 And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

Some that at first have promis'd mighty things,
 Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines
 Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest ;

Here

nor possible to observe it in such a treatise as this. The discovery of the dialogue between the bad poets and Horace confirms me in the opinion that I was mistaken, and my reason has convinced several good judges of the same mistake.

Ut placidis coeant immitia.] Painters and poets are only imitators, and are to paint only what is, or what may be ; there being nothing else that can be imitated. But they have both often abused their art, and forsaken probable ideas for monstrous imaginations. Vitruvius complains of this fault in painters, in the fifth chapter of his seventh book : from hence proceed grotesques, which are not to be compared to a regular figure. This rule of Horace is one of the most important in the Art of Poetry ; never to join incompatible subjects, nor offend against nature, verisimilitude, and truth.

L. 14. Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis.] He comes from the general rule to particulars, and gives an example of the vitious variety which he condemns. He chuses one that is the least shocking, but it is by so much the more dangerous vice, by how much it slides in under an appearance of virtue. He is speaking of descriptions, a snare which is almost inevitable to little geniuses. Horace shews us how apt poets are to fall into the ridiculous by this means : from grave and serious beginnings, which promise sublime and marvellous things, they descend into a

shining

Adfuitur pannus; cum lucus, et ara Dianae,

Et properantis aquae per amoenos ambitus agros,

Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus,

Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum

Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes 20

Navibus, aere dato qui pingitur? amphora coepit

Institui:

shining description of a wood, an altar of Diana, a river, the Rhine, the rainbow; their descriptions are stitched together like patch-work. Their patches, indeed, are purple, but are childish and extravagant, because ill placed. Writers must never abandon themselves to such digressions; let them be of what nature soever, when their design calls them elsewhere.

L. 16. Cum lucus et ara Dianae.] I believe, with Theodorus Marcilius, he speaks of the wood and altar of Aricia, pretended to have been built by Orestes, who there consecrated the statue of Diana Taurica, which, when he had killed king Thoas, he brought from Scythia. The poets thought this a fine subject for descriptions. It took in Orestes, Diana Taurica, her sacrifices in Scythia, and at Aricia, with the odd custom in her temple. There could be but one priest, and he a fugitive. He must, with his own hand, kill the priest his predecessor, if he would get into his place. For which reason the priest who held it was always armed to defend himself. Ovid calls this temple of Aricia, a kingdom acquired by the sword, and with a criminal hand,

Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu.

L. 18. Aut flumen Rhenum.] Horace had, without doubt, been often tired with the description of the Rhine, in the poems written on Augustus' victories on that side. The bad poets never omit plunging into that river, as Alpinus, of whom he speaks in the tenth satire of the first book,

Turgidus

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 131

Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
Or streams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow or the rapid Rhine ;
But they misplace them all, and croud them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he that only can design a tree,
Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
When you begin with so much pomp and show,

Why

*Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque,
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, etc.*

[Ant pluvius describitur arcus.] The rainbow is as likely as any thing to turn a wretched poet's brain. The wonderful mixture of its colours are with them so worthy of admiration, that they let no opportunity slip to describe it ; few imitating in this the discretion of Homer and Virgil. Homer says not above one word of her, and Virgil but two lines.

*Ergo Iris croceis per coelum roseida pennis
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores
Advolat.*

A Description as rapid as Iris' flight.

L. 19. Et fortasse cupressum seis simulare.] The young poets and painters began the practice of their arts with descriptions and imitations of cypresses.

L. 20. Si fractis enatat ex spes navibus.] What is the painting of cypress to that of a wreck ? what are descriptions in poetry, when illustrious actions are the subject of the song ? Horace alludes to those *ex voto* pictures, made by such as had escaped shipwreck.

L. 21. Amphora coepit institui, currente rota cur urceus exit ?]

Institui; currente rota, cur urceus exit?

Denique sit quidvis, simplex dumtaxat et unum,

Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,

Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,

Obscurus fio: sectantem lenia nervi

Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:

Serpit humi tutus nimium timidusque procellae:

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,

Del.

An image taken from a potter, who commonly began his trade by making little pots called *Urceos*, and ended with a great pitcher called *Ampbora*, which was his master-piece. To begin with an *Ampbora*, and end with an *Urceus*, is like a poet who, after a magnificent beginning, falls and is lost in descriptions. *Ampbora* answers to *inceptis gravibus*, and *Urceus* to *purpureus pannus*.

L. 23. Denique sit quidvis simplex dumtaxat et unum.] The rule that results from what he has said. Simplicity and unity are entirely opposite to the fault he has been speaking of. Descriptions, which have no immediate relation to the subject, corrupt and destroy them. Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles' descriptions are all necessary, and well introduced.

L. 25. Decipimur specie recti.] This is not a new rule, but the general reason of the fault he has been explaining: we are deceived by appearance in the beauties of art, as well as those of nature; a poet thinks to adorn his subject by descriptions, and he spoils it. "Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio," etc. are examples to confirm this proposition.

Brevis esse, etc.] Brevity is certainly one of the great beauties of discourse; but so near a neighbour to obscurity, that it

Why is the end so little and so low?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
Deluded by a seeming excellence :
By striving to be short, they grow obscure ;
And when they would write smoothly, they want strength.
Their spirits sink ; while others that affect
A lofty stile, swell to a tympany ;
Some tim'rous wretches start at ev'ry blast,
And fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore ;
Others, in love with wild variety,

Draw

is very difficult in following the one, not to fall into the other. Perpicuity is the principal virtue, " Virtus prima perspicuitas."

L. 26. *Sectantem levia nervi deficiunt.*] As by endeavouring to make strong verses and expressions, an author renders them hard and rough, so by endeavouring to polish, he very often weakens them.

L. 27. *Professus grandia, turgēt.*] They fall into this error, that stretch what is grand too far ; as Gorgias, in calling Xerxes the Jupiter of the Persians, and he who called Brutus the sun of Asia ; they become bombast, when they study to be great.

L. 28. *Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.*] Poetry is a sea, and those who sail on it, if they are wise, will never venture too far from the shoar, nor come too near it. Horace's expression seems rather to be borrowed from birds, who creep on the ground, when the winds and storms make them afraid of rising into the air.

L. 29. *Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.*] This verse proves

Delphinum sylvis adpingit; fluctibus aprum. 30

In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte.

Aemilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues

Exprimet, et molles imitabitur aere capillos;

Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum

Nesciet. hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35

Non

proves that whatever he has already said is only the consequence of the same rule. For he returns to it again, by shewing that those who to arrive at the *marvellous*, which he here terms *prodigious*, vary a subject, and tack to it pompous descriptions, form monsters. "Omnia monstra faciunt," says Catullus. It is as if they should place dolphins in the woods, and boars in the sea. The word *prodigialiter* is taken here in a good sense, as are often our words *prodigious* and *prodigiously*. For it must not be imagined that it refers to *adpingit*.

L. 31. In vitium ducit culpae fuga.] The fear of falling into one vice, is frequently the occasion of our falling into a greater than that which we endeavoured to avoid. We would shun a tedious uniformity, and we are guilty of a monstrous mixture: the reason is, we make this mixture without art, which can only teach us to do it, and not offend uniformity. Our best examples are Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil.

L. 32. Aemilium circa ludum faber imus.] Horace here means a certain statuary, who lived at the bottom of the Circus, near a place called the hall of Aemilius; because a fencing master, named Aemilius Lentulus, kept his gladiators there. This statuary gave a great deal of grace and easiness to hair, and finished the nails admirably; but take his statues all together they were wretched

Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
Is a most certain way of erring still.

The meanest workman in th' Aemilian square,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun;
What is there more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,

Where

wretched pieces, there being no connection of the parts, nor that agreement, which, like the soul, adds life and action to the figure, and is the all in all in a statue. It is the same with poets, who know not how to make any thing but a description, to express a sentiment, or make a strong comparison, with all which they are at the best but miserable poets.

[L. 34. Ponere totum.] *Ponere*, to put, for to do, to make, as in the Greek *τίθεω*: He says elsewhere, "Solers nunc hominem ponere nunc deum;" and *totum* is what we call *all together*, a term properly used in painting and sculpture, when pictures or other pieces, consisting of many figures, are so disposed, that the different parts agree to form one single and the same whole, and represent one single object. It is also made use of in pieces where there is but one figure, either in sculpture or painting, the different parts of which ought to have so natural a connection with each other, that they may form but one single and the same body. It is not enough that the artist knows how to make an head, an arm, a foot, he must understand how to put the whole together, so that it may be one single figure, which has nothing maimed in it, but is every where equally well designed and finished.

Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri. cui lecta potenter erit res, 40
Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis haec virtus erit, et venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,

Pleraque

L. 36. *Quam pravo vivere naso.*] If a man has an ugly nose, he will be ugly, though all the other parts of his face are beautiful; and a poet, if all the other parts of his poem be fine, will be an ill poet, if he offends against simplicity and unity.

L. 38. *Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam viribus.*] Every poet, who makes choice of a subject that is not proportionable to his strength, offends against the art of poetry; and it is impossible he should succeed. See the remarks on the twenty-sixth chapter of Aristotle's art of poetry.

L. 39. *Et versate diu, quid ferre recusent.*] A man must not presently conclude, that because he has by chance made a good madrigal, epigram, or song, he is therefore fit to write an heroic poem; he is to consider his strength. Tibullus would perhaps have written bad odes, and Horace bad elegies. The Hebrews had a proverb upon this, "Pro camelo sarcina, Suis your burden to your camel."

L. 40. *Cui lecta potenter erit res.*] *Potenter*, for "according to his strength."

L. 42.

Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear,
After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse,
Consist in chusing a fit time for things,

And

L. 42. *Ordinis haec virtus erit, et venus, aut ego fallor.*] Horace here explains, in a few words, the virtue and grace of the order a poet ought to observe in the disposition of his subject; and adds these words, "aut ego fallor," it being a new rule of his, made by him, from the practice of the greatest authors of antiquity.

L. 43. *Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici pleraque differat*] This *debentia dici* serves for two propositions, *dicat et differat*. The construction and sense of the passage is this; "Ut jam nunc dicat debentia dici jam nunc, et pleraque differat jam nunc debentia dici: Let him say at first things that ought to be at first said, and reserve for another time the greatest part of those that should also have been said at first." Horace discovers here one of the greatest secrets of poetry. In dramatic poetry, as well as epic, the great masters open the scene as near as they can to the catastrophe, always taking the action at the moment it draws to an end: they artfully bring in afterwards the events preceding, which they should not have told us at first, as in a history.

Pleraque differat, et praesens in tempus omittat;
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis;
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum

Red-

history. Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, never did otherwise. By this keeping off the catastrophe, by probable and natural incidents, when we every minute expected it, our curiosity is the more inflamed, and all the passions are moved in us one after another, which could not be done in a methodical order: to prove this, we need only read Apollonius' Argonauts; Longinus owns there is not a single fault in that piece, and yet it is mortally tedious, and the chief reason is, it is methodical, and prosecuted without interruption from the beginning to the end; the greatest fault it could have; for there is nothing so dull as a poet,

Who when he sings a hero's glorious deeds,
Writes a dry history, and by dates proceeds.

L. 45. Hoc amet, hoc spernat.] Having spoken of the order, he comes now to the choice of the incidents, which is not easy to be made: what is good for the epic poem, is not for tragedy; neither is it sufficient to know which to take and which to refuse. The poet must put those he takes in their proper place, where their effect may be most surprising, and most convenient for the poem, since the same thing placed in a different manner has a quite different effect.

Promissi carminis.] A poem that has been a long while expected, and raised the curiosity of the public: for every thing which the world have great expectations of should be more perfect than what they do not expect. Horace had, perhaps, Virgil's Aeneis in view; it was several years after that poem was expected, that it appeared, "Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade."

L. 46. In verbis etiam tenuis.] From the disposition of the subject, and the choice of the incidents, he comes to the question, whe-

And knowing when a muse should be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill :
You gain your point, if your industrious art
Can

whether the poet is allowed to invent new words: he maintains that he is, and lays down the rules for it. *Tennis, subtle, agreeable, fine.*

L. 47. Notum si callida verbum reddiderit junctura novum.] New words are of two sorts, simple or compound. We shall hereafter talk of simple. Compound are such as are made of two words, as *salivolum, saxifragum*. This composition Horace here terms *juncturam*: there are two other constructions of this verse quite different; some pretend Horace is not speaking of words but of expressions, when, by the help of epithets, adverbs, etc. we determine certain known phrases from an ordinary use to an extraordinary, as Horace has often practised with so much success, that Petronius says of him, "Horatii curiosa felicitas," and Quintilian, "Verbis felicissime audax." This construction is more ingenious than true. Horace would never have called it *juncturam*, which denotes necessarily a binding, a connecting, as when out of two things one is made. Further, it is neither possible nor natural to give rules for such boldnesses as these, which depend on every man's gout, on his genius, and his knowledge of the force and extent of words. In short, this rule would be out of its place here, since Horace says in the preceding verse, "in verbis serendis," which cannot admit of such an explanation: the other construction is, "Si callida junctura reddiderit verbum novum, notum:" If you so make use of a new word, that the place where you put it may make it be known, and render the true signification to be at first sight easily comprehended. Which construction seems to me to be neither so good nor so true as the other, nor indeed to be maintained. The question is not concerning the placing of words, but of making, "de verbis serendis;" and what

Reddiderit junctura novum. si forte necesse est

Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum ;

Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis

50

Continget : dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.

Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si

Graeco fonte cadent, parce detorta. quid autem

Caecilio

what Horace adds afterwards of new simple words is an undoubted proof that he speaks here of compound.

L. 48. Si forte necesse est indiciiis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.] This relates to simple words, which Aristotle terms *πεποιημένα*, and Cicero, *facta*, "words never heard of before." Horace declares it is allowable for a poet to make them, when he is obliged to express things that are unknown, as the *compass*, *artillery*, *powder*; he may then invent words, but must take care that they express either the nature of the thing, or the effect it produces. For this reason Homer is commended, he being the first who said, *Σίξ' ὀφθαλμὸς*, and *λαίλαπτις*: the first expresses admirably the hissing of red hot iron thrown into water, and the last the barking of wolves and dogs. The French word *lapper*, to lick, is of this kind.

L. 49. Indiciis.] Words ought to be the sign and image of the things they express: wherefore Plato calls them *σημεῖα σύμβολα*,

L. 50. Cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis.] The Cethegi are here represented as a masculine sort of people, who, in their clothes, kept to the old fashions of their fathers, and despised the *Tunica*, as too cumbersome; wearing only a kind of an apron, which served them instead of drawers, from the waste downwards; upon which they

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 141

Can make unusual words easy and plain ;
 But if you write of things abstruse or new,
 Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
 So it be seldom and discreetly done :
 But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
 Must so derive them from the Graeco Spring,
 As they may seem to flow without constraint.

they put their *Toga*. The pane of it, which they threw over their left shoulder, hung down their backs, and left their right arm bare : this dress was called *cinctus Gabinus*, and was usually worn by consuls and pretors, whence we have the *cinctus Gabino*, in the seventh book of the *Aeneis*, in *Silius Italicus*, and in *Lucan*. *Cinctus* is an epithet, which not only gives an idea of antiquity, but raises also veneration.

L. 51. *Dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.*] This liberty must be used with moderation. Horace confines it to very narrow limits ; for he would have the invented words to be derivatives from the Greek.

L. 52. *Habebunt verba fidem.*] They shall have authority, and be received.

L. 53. *Si Graeco fonte cadent.*] If their original be Greek ; as if he should call a man who leads an elephant, *elephantissa* ; the Latins made also new simple words of Latin derivation, as of *beatus*, Cicero made *beatitas* ; *Messala*, of *reus*, *reatus* ; *Augustus* of *munus*, *munerarius* ; and Horace, of *inimicus*, *inimicare*, etc.

Parce detorta.] These new simple words ought not only to be derived from the Greek, but their derivation must be easy and natural, the analogy just and entire ; they must not be bold and far fetched : this is what is meant by *parce detorta*.

L. 54.

Caecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademtum

Virgilio Varioque? ego cur, adquirere pauca

55

Si possum, invideor; cum lingua Catonis et Enni

Sermonem patriam ditaverit, et nova rerum

Nomina protulerit? licuit, semperque licebit,

Signatum praesente nota procudere nummum.

Ut fylvae foliis pronos mutantur in annos;

60

Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit aetas,

Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.

Debemur morti nos, nostraque: sive receptus

Terra

L. 54. Quid autem Caecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus.] Why should not Varus and Virgil have the same liberty Caecilius and Plautus had, who are both full of new words: when did this privilege cease, says Quintilian, " Quid natis postea concessam " est, quando defuit licere?"

L. 59. Signatum praesente nota procudere nummum.] He speaks of words, as of coin, which is not current without the public stamp: *praesens nota*, the coin the public authorizes, which only has a currency: so Quintilian, " ut nummo cui publica forma est." He calls *form*, what Horace terms *stamp*. The invented word should be clear, intelligible, and resemble those already in use in its termination. Horace, in the second epistle of the second book explains it further thus, " Adscisset nova quae " genitor produxerit usus."

L. 60.

Can an impartial reader discommend
 In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
 In Plautus or Caecilius ! Why should I
 Be envy'd for the little I invent,
 When Ennius and Cato's copious stile
 Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue ?
 Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
 To coin new words well suited to the age.
 Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
 And ev'ry year a younger race succeeds.
 Death is a tribute all things owe to fate ;

The

L. 60. *Ut sylvae foliis.*] Diomedes the grammarian quotes this verse thus,

Ut folia in sylvis.

This reading is most simple, the other is most figurative ; the comparison is taken from the sixth book of the *Iliad*, where Homer says, *ὡς περ φύλλον*, "The generation of man is like that of leaves ; when the leaves are blown off by the winds, the trees of the forest bud and bring forth others which appear in the spring. It is thus with man, when one generation passes away, another comes."

L. 63. *Debemur morti nos nostraque.*] Since every thing wears away, why should we think words will always have the same force and grace ? All the noble expressions Horace has collected, in these six lines, serve to render this fall the more pleasant, "*necum verborum stet honos*:" for nothing contributes so much to the ridiculous as the grand.

L. 64.

Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,

Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis, 65

Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:

Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,

Doctus iter melius. mortalia facta peribunt:

Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.

Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere; cadentque 70

Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus;

Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.

Res

L. 64. Sive receptus terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet.] Augustus cut that space of land which divided the lake Lucrinus and the lake Avernus from the sea, and made a port called *Portus Julius*, Julius Caesar having begun to cut it. Virgil mentions it in the second Georgic.

L. 65. Regis opus.] To denote Augustus, not the work of the king; that would have been invidious to the infancy of the monarchy; but a royal work, the work of a king.

Sterilisve diu palus aptaque remis.] He speaks of the Pontin marsh. Though Horace here commends Augustus for draining it, he, in all likelihood, drained only a part of it, or else the marsh was apt to overflow again; for the consul Cethegus drained it in the

The Lucrine mole, Caesar's stupendious work,
 Protects our navies from the raging North ;
 And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontin lake)
 We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
 See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
 So often overflow'd the neighb'ring fields.)
 Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
 Confin'd by our great emperor's command :
 Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot ;
 Why then should words challenge eternity,
 When greatest men, and greatest actions die ?
 Use may revive the obsoletest words,
 And banish those that now are most in vogue ;
 Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

Homer

the year of Rome 593, and it was also drained again under Theodoric.

L. 67. *Seu cursum mutavit iniquam frugibus amnis.*] Banks raised by Augustus to hinder the overflowing of the Tiber.

L. 68. *Mortalia facta peribunt.*] Since the most solid works of mankind perish, it is no wonder words do. The same turn is used by Severus Sulpitius, in his letter to Cicero, book iv. of Cicero's epistles, epist. v.

L. 71. *Si volët usus ; quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.*] Use is the tyrant of languages. Socrates confessed to Alcibiades, in the first dialogue of that name, that the people is an excellent master of languages. We have in our days a

K

good

Res gestae regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.

Verbis inpariter junctis querimonia primum, 75

good use and a bad use; the good formed by the polite part of the court, city, and the best authors; the bad by the people. The difference between us and the ancients, as well Romans as Athenians, arises from this, the people were there confounded, great and small together; from whence there was no sensible variation in their language: among us the people have no commerce with the court, and accordingly their language is quite different.

L. 74. Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.] He is speaking of the epic poem, and says, Homer has shewn in what sort of verse it ought to be written, the heroic, which only agrees with the majesty of the epic. Aristotle says the same thing in his art of poetry; and adds, "That whoever should undertake to write an epic poem in any other kind of numbers, he would not succeed, for the heroic verse is the most grave and pompous." He mentions it again in another place of that discourse. Most people imagine, that by heroic verse is meant the Hexameter, which is a mistake: all heroic verses are indeed hexameter, but all hexameters are not heroic verses. Six feet, placed how you will, make an hexameter, but for an heroic verse you must keep the laws prescribed by Homer. The first of which is to observe the *Cesure* called *some Penthemimeris*; that is, after the second foot, there must be a syllable which finishes the word, and is sense; as,

Dardani---ique ro---gum.

The second is to observe the *Cesure* called *some Heptamimeris*; that is, after the third foot, the syllable which follows ought to close the word and sense; as,

Dardani---ique ro---gum capi---tis,

Homer first taught the world in epic verse
To write of great commanders, and of kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief,

Though

If neither of these rules are observed, the *Penthemimere Cefure* must end with a *Trochaeus*. That is, after the two first feet, the word should end with one long and one short ;

Infan---dum re---gina.

Or the *Heptamimere Cefure* must end also with a *Trochaeus* : one long and one short after the third foot ;

Quae pax---longa re---miserat---arma.

which is very rare. Without the observation of these rules, the verse will be hexameter, not heroic ; and the critics reject it, like that of Virgil,

Magnanimi Jovis ingratum ascendere cubile.

which is forgiven him, being the only one among so many thousands wherein these rules are not observed.

L. 75. Versibus inpariter junctis querimonia primum.] Elegy was at first only Lamentations for the death of a person, according to Ovid on Tibullus' death,

Flebilis indignos elegeia solve capillos,

Ah nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.

It was in time applied to the joys and griefs of lovers : as Boileau describes it :

La plaintive elegie, etc.

Mr. Dacier prefers the French description of the elegy, as to its origin and improvement, to Ovid's.

Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.

Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,

Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub iudice lis est.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

Hunc focci cepere pedem, grandesque cothurni, 80

Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares

Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Musa

L. 76. Voti sententia compos.] Joy for having obtained what they desired.

L. 77. Exiguos elegos.] The pentameter verse is the elegiac, Horace calls it *exiguum*, because it wants a foot of the hexameter. For this reason he says, two verses higher, "Versibus impariter junctis." The moderns want the beauty of this inequality in their elegiacs. Ovid expresses it thus,

Venit odoratos elegia nexa capillos,

Et puto pes illi longior alter erat.

Emisit auctor, grammatici certant.] Horace tells us it is not known who invented the elegy, nor why it was so named. Terentius Maurus says the same, and that some people will have it to be Callinous, others, Theocles, Archilochus, or Terpander.

L. 79. Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.] He attributes the invention of iambics to Archilochus. True, nobody wrote them so well as he, till his time, but there were iambic verses long before him; however, for his bringing them to such perfection, they were called the iambics of Archilochus.

L. 80.

Though now we use them to express our joy :
But to whose muse we owe that sort of verse,
Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with iambics arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the dramatic muse.
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
Aves the tumultuous noises of the pit,
And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods,

L. 80. Hunc focci cepere pedem, grandesque cothurni.] *Soccus* the sock of comedy, *cothurnus* the buskin of tragedy. Tragedy and comedy using iambics as fittest for conversation.

L. 81. Alternis aptum sermonibus.] Horace assigns three qualities to iambic verse; that it is proper for conversation, that it composes best the tumults of the theatre, and is good to carry on the action: as for the first, one can hardly speak in the Greek and Latin tongues without making iambics; as both Aristotle and Cicero have observed. See the fourth chapter of Aristotle's art of poetry; and Cicero tells us, "Magnam enim partem ex iambis nostra constat oratio."

L. 82. Et populares vincentem strepitus.] Silences the noise of the people; for the iambic verse not being much different from their ordinary way of speaking, their attention was the more easily engaged: it is not so with the modern languages.

Et natum rebus agendis.] Horace took this from Aristotle's art of poetry, where it is said, iambic and tetrameter verses are proper to give motion. The one is suited to dances, the other

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum,
 Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
 Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre. 85

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
 Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
 Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?

Verfibus

to action. Quintilian tells us why the iambic verse is proper for action, "The movement of it is quicker, etc. frequentiorem
 " quasi pulsum habet, ab omnibus partibus insurgit, et a brevibus
 " in longas nititur et crescit."

L. 83. Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum.] He is about to enter upon the subjects of lyric poetry; and it being not known who invented it, he ascribes the invention to the muses. Orpheus learned it of the muse Calliope his mother, as in the twelfth ode of the first book,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
 Fluminum lapsus.

Divos, puerosque deorum.] There were four sorts of lyric poems, Hymns, Panegyrics, Lamentations, and Bacchanalian songs: Hymns and Dithyrambics were for Gods; Panegyrics for Heroes and Victors at Grecian games; Lamentations for lovers; the general name is the Ode. See the twelfth ode of the first book, and the second ode of the fourth book.

Et juvenum curas et libera vina referre.] The fourth kind of lyrics, the songs of the Bacchanals, on love, mirth, and wine.

L. 86. Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores.] There

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,
Who neither knows, nor would observe a rule;
And chuses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?

A comic

is some difficulty in this verse, because it is not presently perceived whether it relates to that which goes before, or that which comes after it. Horace having spoken of the different subjects and characters of epic, elegiac, and iambic poems, adds, that a poet who does not know how to distinguish them, does not deserve the name of one. He who would in the elegy assume the epic tone, or would mix the softness of the elegy with the roughness of the iambic, would make but a sorry poem of it. Mr. Dacier's complaint of the French poets touches all the moderns, which is, that in most of them, their Pastorals are Elegies; their Elegies, Epics; and their Lyrics, Epigrams.

Vices.] He calls "descriptas vices, vices adtributas, assignatas," the different subjects, the different characters, of these different poems.

Operumque colores.] The different colours, the different stile of each, their different ornaments; compared to the colours of painters, which are different according to the different subjects, and the different impression they would make.

L. 88. Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo.] The folly of most men, who had rather hide their ignorance, than, by confessing, endeavour to cure it.

Verfibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult :

Indignatur item privatis ac prope focco 90

Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestae.

Singula quaeque locum teneant fortita decentem.

Interdum tamen et vocem comoedia tollit,

Iratufque Chremes tumido delitigat ore :

Et

L. 39. Verfibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.] A verfe may be called Tragic or Comic on two accounts ; the firft for its meafure and feet ; for the tragic and comic verfe may be both iambics, and both admit of spondees ; yet there is a great deal of difference between them: the tragic admits of the spondee only in the firft, third, and fifth foot, which renders its motion the more noble and pompous: the comic admits it in all thofe feet, becaufe its motion is thereby the more natural and unaffected. The fecond reafon why a verfe may be called tragic or comic, is on account of the meanness of its expreffions and figures. Thus it is certain, that tragic verfe ought not to be ufed in comedy, nor comic in tragedy. Horace fpeaking of feet and meafure, in the 253d verfe; I believe he intends here expreffions and figures only: nothing is more vicious than lofty expreffions and noble figures in comedy, for which the common phrafe is moft proper; whereas tragedy requires a fublime and bold ftile.

L. 91. Narrari coena Thyestae.] He puts Thyestes' fupper for tragedies in general. Thyestes eat his own children, whom Atreus caufed to be ferved up to him. This ftory being one of the moft tragical, is alfo recommended by Aristotle as a fubject for tragedy. He fays, *narrari*, it ought to be told, and not represented. See the 184th verfe.

L. 92. Singula quaeque locum teneant fortita decentem.] The tragic and comic ftiles muft not encroach upon one another; as Quintilian in the tenth book, "Sui cuique propofita lex, fuis
"decor eft; nec comoedia in cothurnos affurgit, nec contra tra-
"goedia

A comic subject loves an humble verse,

Thyestes scorns a low and comic stile.

Let ev'ry thing have its due place and time.

Yet comedy sometimes may raise her voice,

And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail :

Tra-

" *goedia socco ingreditur.*"—Comedy must not assume the buskin, nor tragedy the sock. Nature has made this law, and he who breaks it errs against decorum.

L. 93. *Interdum tamen et vocem comoedia tollit.*] However, comedy raises its voice sometimes, and tragedy sometimes makes use of the language of conversation. Tragedy and comedy being only imitations of human actions. The stile should be proportionable to the subject, and the actor; an angry father in comedy should assume a lofty tone, and speak with passion; and an afflicted man in tragedy would be intolerable, if he spoke his affliction in a sublime and elegant stile. See the fourth satire of the first book. "*At pater ardens faevit,*" etc.

L. 94. *Iratusque Chremes.*] Chremes assumes a tragic tone in the fifth scene of Terence's *Heautontimorumenos*. "*Non si ex capite sis meo,*" etc. Speaking to his son, "No, Clitipho, though you issued out of my brain, as it is said Minerva did out of Jove's, I would not suffer you to dishonour me with your infamous debaucheries." So Demeas, in the fifth act of the *Adelphi*. "*Heu mihi quid faciam? quid agam? quid clamem?*" etc. Hah, what shall I do? what will become of me? how shall I exclaim? what complaints shall I make? "Oh heaven! Oh earth! Oh the seas of Neptune!" It is allowable for comedy to elevate its stile, in all violent passions, as well as that of choler. In Terence's *Eunuch*, what Cherea says in the transport of his joy, would very well become a tragedy. This is not to be done but with great art,

L. 95.

Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri 95

Telephus et Peleus : cum pauper et exul uterque,

Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba ;

Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata ; dulcia sunt,

Et

L. 95. Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.] Tragedy gives less occasion for encroaching on the comic stile, than comedy does on the tragic. Horace must be taken here as meaning only in the great distresses of tragedy, where grief ought to be expressed in a simple and common phrase. Not all grief however, wherefore Horace says *plerumque*, and not *semper*. Longinus determines it in general, that the sublime is not proper to move pity.

L. 96. Telephus et Peleus cum pauper et exul uterque.] Peleus and Telephus, two Greek tragedies. These two princes, having been driven out of their dominions, came to beg assistance in Greece, and went up and down dressed like beggars. The two pieces here referred to were Euripides'; that poet, in Aristophanes' frogs, talking of them as his own. See act iii. scene 7. For this reason Eschylus calls Euripides a Beggar-maker, and a Patcher of rags. See also the second scene of the fourth act. " You dress kings in rags to move pity." Aristophanes again makes merry with Euripides' Telephus in his Acharnenses, act iv. scene 2. where he introduces Diceopolis coming to borrow of Euripides' Telephus' beggars equipage, " the staff, the scrip, the " horn-cup, etc. Ah friend, says Euripides, you will after this " rate carry away my whole play ;" and again, upon his farther importunities, " Thou wilt ruin me, dost not thou see thou " wilt take away all my tale from me?" What adds to the pleasantry of this satire on the Telephus of Euripides, is, that the whole scene is in a manner made up of his own verses. Theodorus Marcilus is therefore mistaken, in saying the *exul* in Horace al-

Tragedians too, lay by their state to grieve ;
 Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
 Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
 He that would have spectators share his grief,
 Must write not only well, but movingly,

And

alludes to Peleus only, and not to Telephus ; for Telephus himself says, " How am I driven from my house in want of every thing necessary," etc. Ennius and Naevius brought Euripides' Telephus on the Roman stage. In Ennius this exiled king says, " Regnum reliqui septus mendici stola," I left my kingdom in a beggar's habit. Aristophanes ridicules this play of Euripides, for the impossibility of a king's being reduced to beggary. Horace is satisfied with saying *pauper*. Eschylus also writ a Telephus ; but one cannot believe he fell into the same error of which he accuses Euripides, and introduces the king in rags.

L. 97. Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba.] *Ampullas*, for swelling thoughts, *sesquipedalia verba*, for bombast words. *Sesquipedalia*, a foot and half, for their length. The Greeks often made compound words of a prodigious length, which were successful in the sublime, but ridiculous in the passion of grief. See the third epistle. " Ampullatur in arte."

L. 99. Non satis est pulchra esse poemata ; dulcia suntu.] A play should not only be fine, it should be touching. Horace here refers to the ignorance of such as fancy they have made a fine play, when they have been lavish of the flowers of rhetoric ; all which are nothing if it does not move, for that is the principal end of dramatic poetry : it is with this view Plato calls tragedy " the most diverting and moving effect of poetry." In *dulcia*, sweet, moving, Horace imitates Aristotle, in the twentieth chapter of his Art of Poetry. Heinsius mistakes the *fine* for *commendable*. Horace would certainly never have called a play *commendable*, if it

Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunt. 100

Ut ridentibus adrident, ita flentibus adflent

Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia laedent.

Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,

Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristitia moestum 105

Vultum

it had not been *moving*. It is thus in a picture; the business is not to make it glare with fine colours without conduct, but to render the action sensible. In order to which, no colour should be used but what will agree with it, and make the desired impression.

L. 100. Et quocunque volent.] It should inspire all the passions it pleases; hate, fear, terror, pity.

L. 102. Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipse tibi.] Cicero has explained this rule at large in his second book *de oratori*. Poets and orators can never move an auditory, if the speakers do not shew that they are themselves moved with the passions they would inspire. There is a story of an old Greek player named Polus, who, in the *Electra* of Sophocles, used to play the part of that princess. It happened that a son of his, whom he dearly loved, died; and after the first transports of his grief were over, he took his part again, and played *Electra*; in which, instead of the urn with the false ashes of *Electra*, he came in with the urn wherein were the true ashes of his son; which embracing, he pronounced these words, "Oh doleful monument of him who was of all
" mankind most dear to me," with so natural a grief, such true and lively tears, that it had a prodigious effect on the audience. This rule of Horace is taken also from Aristotle's art of poetry; the philosopher adding to the precept the means to perform it.
" The poet, says he, when he is composing, must, as far as
" possible, imitate the gestures and actions of those he introduces

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 157

And raise mens passions to what height he will.

We weep and laugh, as we see others do :

He only makes me sad who shews the way,

And first is sad himself; then, Telephus,

I feel the weight of your calamities,

And fancy all your miseries my own.

But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh :

Your

" on the stage. He, who is truly moved, will, in the same
" manner move those that hear him," etc.

L. 103. Tunc tua me infortunia laedent.] Then would thy
misfortunes wound me. *Laedere* for *commovere*, to wound for to
touch. So $\beta\lambda\alpha\pi\tau\omega$ in Homer.

L. 104. Male si mandata loqueris.] Horace alludes to the
speeches Telephus and Peleus made, to oblige the Greeks to assist
them. Telephus in Euripides begins his discourse to the Athe-
nians thus; " Athenians, who are the flower of Greece, do not
" take it ill, if in the miserable condition I now am, I pre-
" sume to speak before so fair an assembly."

L. 105. Tristia moestum vultum verba decent.] The greatest
poets have not always put such words into the mouth of sorrow as
agree with it. Monsieur Corneille himself often fell into this
error. When Chimene in the *Cid* demands justice for the mur-
der of her father, and speaks of the spilling of his blood, she says,

Spilt as it is, the blood still reeks with rage,

To find 'twas lost in any cause but yours.

Is this to talk like a person in affliction? " Non projicit ampul-
" las." Here are the swelling thoughts still. What can be
more trivial than to make the blood that was spilt, think and
find, and to explain itself by *reeking*? Electra in Sophocles
mourns the death of her father after quite another rate.

L. 106.

Vultum verba decent ; iratum, plena minarum ;
 Ludentem, lasciva ; severum, seria dictu.
 Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum ; juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
 Aut ad humum moerore gravi deducit, et angit : 110
 Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.

In.

L. 106. *Iratum, plena minarum.*] Horace feigns elsewhere, that when Prometheus formed man, he borrowed each quality from each animal, and when he put choler into his heart, took it from the lion. What can give a juster idea of the effects of this passion? There must be nothing mean or affected in it. Seneca's fury is often full of meditation.

L. 107. *Ludentem, lasciva.*] A florid gay stile agrees with joy. Achilles in love may be agreeable and delicate. Those who apply these words to comedy are in the wrong. Tragedy admits of raptures of joy, which render her catastrophe sometimes the more moving.

Severum, seria dictu.] A grave person must speak answerably to his character. Euripides is not so discreet as Sophocles. Seneca the tragic poet never minds this rule. He is so fond of shining every where, that he becomes ridiculous.

L. 108. *Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem fortunarum habitum.*] In these four admirable verses, Horace gives the

Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
 From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe :
 For nature forms, and softens us within,
 And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
 Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
 And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
 And these are all interpreted by speech ;
 But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
 Absurd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.

Ob-

the reason of the precepts contained in the two preceding ones. His reason is drawn from our mother nature, who gave us a heart capable of feeling all the changes of fortune, and a tongue to express it. When our words do not answer the condition we are in, the heart strikes one string in the instrument of man, instead of another, and makes a very disagreeable discord.

L. 109. *Juvat, aut inpellit.*] Nature helps us to put ourselves into a rage. Horace adds *inpellit*, to denote the impetuosity of that passion.

L. 110. *Aut ad humum moerore gravi deducit.*] Horace's expression agrees very well with the passion he speaks of. How natural is his image of the humiliation of an afflicted man? How ridiculous does it render all frothy expressions in that condition?

L. 112. *Si dicentis erunt fortunæ abscondita dicta.*] The language must always agree with the condition of the person speaking; otherwise the orator will be laugh'd at. See Antonius speaking for M. Aquilius, in the second book of Cicero's orations. "Non prius sum conatus misericordiam in aliis commovere quam misericordia sum ipse captus," etc.

L. 114.

Intererit multum, divusne loquatur, an heros;

Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa 115

Fervidus; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix;

Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:

Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut

L. 114. Intererit multum, divusne loquatur, an heros.] A poet must also suit the language of his actors to their age and characters. A god must express himself otherwise than a hero; an old man than a young man. This rule is not much observed by the moderns.

Divusne loquatur, an heros.] Some have read it, "Daviusne loquatur, an Eros." Eros was the name of an honest foot-man in Menander's play, as Davus that of a knavish one. But Horace is not here discoursing of comedy: besides, the difference between footman and footman is not considerable enough to be taken notice of by him in a precept. Others have read it, "Divusne loquatur, an Irus." The sense of this is too mean, and Irus is not a tragic person. Others, "Daviusne loquatur, an Heros." The matter in dispute, as I have said already, relates only to tragedy, and to the difference there ought to be between the character of a god, and that of an hero, as he says afterwards.

Ne quicumque deus, quicumque adhibetur heros.

The gods were introduced by the ancients into their plays, as in Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

L. 115. Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa fervidus.] An experienced old man does not talk like a raw youth. Mr. Corneille, and Mr. Racine, imitate in this the wonderful conduct of Sophocles.

L. 116. An Matrona potens, an sedula nutrix.] Here Horace had doubtless in view the Hyppolitus of Euripides, where Phædra and

Observe the characters of those that speak,
Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,
Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
Argives, or Thebans, Asians, or Greeks.

Follow

and her nurse speak very differently; and Mr. Racine in his *Phædra* has observed this precept in varying the two characters.

L. 117. *Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli.*] Some have thought Horace is discoursing of comedy also, on account of the meanness of the persons; whereas he is still discoursing of tragedy only, in which it was not uncommon for the antients to introduce tradesmen, shepherds, and labourers. You have a merchant in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles; and in Euripides, *Clytemnestra* gives *Electra* in a marriage to a labourer. He opens the scene with it. See the 78th verse, et seq. The best comment on this passage of Horace, is what Plutarch writes in his fragment of the comparison between *Aristophanes* and *Menander*. "The difference in diction, says he, is infinite. *Aristophanes* does not know how to make every one say what becomes him. A king should talk with dignity, an orator with force, a woman with simplicity, a private man after a common manner, a mechanic with rudeness. The diction of all *Aristophanes*' persons is at a venture, and you cannot tell whether it is a son or a father that speaks, a labourer or a god, an old woman or a hero."

L. 118. *Colchus, an Assyrius, Thebis nutritus, an Argis.*] The poet must have the country of his actors before his eyes. For, as Aristotle says, a Macedonian does not talk like a Thessalian. The manners of different nations are as different as their dress,

The manners note, of countries and of times,
For various humours come from various climes.

L

The

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
 Scriptor. honoratum si forte reponis Achillem : 120

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non adroget armis.

Sit Medea ferox, invictaque, flebilis Ino,

Perfidus

The people of Colchus were savage and cruel. Those of Assyria false and cunning. The Thebans rude and ignorant. The Argives polite and proud. Aristophanes' Persians and Scythians never talk like Athenians.

L. 119. Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge.] Horace, having spoken of the language, comes to the characters; one of the most essential parts of dramatic poetry, as well as of the epic. The characters are only designed by the manners, and the manners from the actions. Poets have but two sorts of characters to bring on the stage, either known or invented. In known characters they must alter nothing, but represent Achilles, Ulysses, Ajax, as Homer represented them. As to invented ones, they must make them conformable; in the former, they are to endeavour after likeness, in the latter after convenience. The former Aristotle terms τὸ ὁμιον, the latter, τὰ ἀμύθητα.

L. 120. Scriptor. honoratum si forte reponis Achillem.] He is explaining the *famam sequere* of the foregoing verse, what it is to follow fame, which is to make the characters, what fame makes them to be. As Achilles, choleric, violent, furious, implacable, unjust. Ulysses, valiant, virtuous, cunning. Ajax, intrepid, rash. *Honoratum*, honoured by the Greeks, an explanation of *Τετιμῆρον*, an epithet Homer always bestows on Achilles. *Reponis, reponere*, to represent after another. Homer. *posuit Achillem*, whoever comes after him, *reponit*.

L. 121. Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.] Aristotle says, that to succeed in such a character as Achilles', a poet should

Follow report, or feign coherent things;
 Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,
 Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
 Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
 Medea must be all revenge and blood,
 Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,

Io

should rather imagine what cholerought to do with verisimilitude,
 than what it has done.

L. 122. *Jura neget sibi nata.*] Achilles pretends to be above the laws, for which reason he refuses to obey Agamemnon, whom he loads with affronts, and insolently threatens. By the same principle he sacrifices the common cause, the honour and lives of so many thousand men, and the glory of his country, to his private interest.

Nihil non adroget armis.] He depended on his sword for justice, he draws it half out in Homer against Agamemnon. Minerva hinders his drawing it further. He tells that king, if he dares take any thing out of his tent, he should soon see his blood at his spear's end. All the qualities Horace attributes to Achilles are in the first book of the *Iliad*.

L. 123. *Sit Medea ferox, invictaque.*] The true character of Medea, who is represented as cruel and inflexible by Euripides. She kills her two children, and sends her rival a robe and a crown so prepared, that they consume her as soon as she puts them on. Creon falls on her corpse. The fatal robe sticks to his flesh, and he expires in the same torments with his daughter.

Flebilis Ino.] Ino the daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia. She was first married to Athamas, who had a son by a former wife, and she feigned an oracle which ordered the son to be sacrificed to Jupiter. But she was soon punished for her cheat. Athamas running mad killed Learchus, the eldest son he had by her, and had sacrificed her other son, if she had not flung herself into

Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenae committis, et audes 125

Personam formare novam ; fervetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

Dif.

the sea with that son in her arms. Euripides wrote a tragedy on this story. It is easy from the grief of this princess, on the loss of her children, to imagine she might well be called *flebilis*.

L. 124. Perfidus Ixion.] Ixion was the first murderer in Greece ; he married the daughter of Deioneus, and killed his father-in-law at supper, instead of giving him the usual presents. This crime was so horrible, no-body would expiate the murderer, nor have any correspondence with him. At last Jupiter took pity on him, expiated him, and received him into heaven, where the traitor, falling in love with Juno, would have ravished her. He only embraced a cloud, and Jupiter in a rage hurled him headlong to hell, where the poets feign him to be stretched on a wheel always turning. Eschylus and Euripides wrote on this story. Plutarch mentioning the Ino and Ixion of Euripides, who being blamed for writing upon it as a subject accursed by the gods, Euripides replies, " I have not left him till I have nailed " his feet and hands to a-wheel." Aristotle places these two plays of his among the pathetics. There is nothing extant of them.

Io vaga.] Io, daughter of Inachus, with whom Jupiter was in love, and changed her into a cow. Juno out of jealousy made her run mad, and sent a fly which so stung her, that she ran from country to country, crossed several seas, and arrived at last in Egypt, where she recovered her first shape, and was worshipped under the name of Isis. Eschylus makes her wander so in his Prometheus, that she came to the mountain where he was chained, at the farther end of Scythia, and there she learned of that wretch all the future fortune that was to befall her.

Triß.

to must wander, and Orestes mourn.

If your bold muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.

New

Tristis Orestes.] *Tristis* here signifies *curfed, mad, raging*, as well as *fad*. Thus he elfewhere calls choler, *fad*, "*tristes ut irae.*" Ovid has alfo faid, *tristis Orefia*. Euripides' representation of Orestes in this ftate is admirable; he appears in the tragedy which goes by his name, more like a hideous fpectre than a man.

Men. Your eyes are ghafly, horrible you look.

Or. My body's gone, I'm nothing but a name.

He alludes to the fignification of the name Orestes, which, according to Socrates' opinion in Cratylus, denotes fomething wild, fierce, and brutal.

L. 125. *Si quid inexpertum scenae committis.*] Having explained the *famam fequere*, he now does the fame by the latter part of the verfe, *aut convenientia finge*, fhewing what is to be done with new characters. Their firft quality is to be conformable and agreeable. A mad man muft act like a mad man; a king like a king, and fo on. A woman muft not have Achilles' valour, nor Nestor's prudence. Their fecond quality is to be one and the fame from the beginning of the play to the end, which Aristotle calls τὸ ὁμαλον, *equality*. This is as neceffary in known characters as in invented. Boileau explains it in his art of poetry,

If then you form fome hero in your mind,

Be fure your image with itfelf agree,

For what he firft appears he ftill muft be.

Agatho's flower was an admirable play, though it was all invention. See the ninth chapter of Aristotle's art of poetry, on known and invented fubjects.

L 3

L. 128,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,

Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

130

Publica materies privati juris erit, si

Nex

L. 128. Difficile est proprie communia dicere.] Having shewn the two qualities that should be given to invented persons, he advises tragic poets not to take too much liberty to invent, it being very difficult to succeed in new characters. By "common subjects," invented ones are understood. Subjects that have no foundation in history, or the fable; he calls them common, because every body has a right to them, and is free to invent them. It is very difficult to invent a new character that shall be just and natural; the moderns have succeeded much better in their known stories than in their invented ones. Let a character be formed ever so justly, every one will pretend to a right to judge of it, and censure it, if it is not conformable to the idea they themselves have of it; whereas when a poet follows a known one, there is a common rule which he must not deviate from, and which is the standard of their judgment as well as his composition. Horace cannot by *communia* mean common and ordinary characters, because he immediately advises the poets to make use of known characters.

L. 129. Tuque rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus.] Aristotle, in his ninth chapter, determines for invented fables, as well as received ones; Horace is here for known subjects, such as are taken from the Ilias and Odyssees, for both those poems are comprised under the words *Iliacum carmen*. This difference arises from the different ends the poet and philosopher proposed to themselves. Aristotle speaks only of what might please or displease; and invented subjects may please as well as known; Horace talks only of what is easy or difficult, and known subjects are easier

than

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 167

New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better chuse a well known theme,
Than trust to an invention of your own;
For what originally others write,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;

But

than invented: besides, Aristotle wrote to the Greeks, who were so far possess'd of the spirit of tragedy, that nothing was impossible for them. Horace wrote to the Romans, who were much inferior to the Greeks, and whom he dissuaded from undertaking what was most difficult for them to succeed in. Horace, in advising poets to borrow their subjects from Homer, is of the same opinion with Aristotle and Plato, who have both affirmed, that Homer is a tragic poet: his *Ilias* and *Odyssees* have the same relation to tragedy, as his *Margiter* has to comedy. Plato, in his tenth book, calls Homer the father of tragedy.

L. 130. *Quam si proferres ignota indictaque prius.*] By *ignota indictaque*, he means the same thing as by his *communis*, unknown subjects: he adds *indicta* to *ignota*, subjects never treated of before. For a story may be unknown without being new; it is what he says in the twenty-fifth ode of the third book. "Dicam inigne, etc. I will speak of new things which have not yet been spoken of."

L. 131. *Publica materies privati juris erit, si, etc.*] Lest the advice he has been giving poets might cause them to fall into servile imitations, by handling known subjects, he teaches them how they are to govern themselves, to make such stories proper. *Publica materies*, the *Ilias*, the *Thebaides*, the *Odyssees*, and all the subjects of the ancient tragedies: he opposes *publica materies* to *communis*; Chryseippus boasted he had made Euripides' *Medea* his own, because he had not followed that poet's disposition of his subject.

Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem :

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres ; nec defilies imitator in arctum,

Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex. 135

Nec

L. 132. Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem.] Horace advises poets to take the subjects of their tragedies out of Homer's poems, and he here cautions them against the faults they might be guilty of. The first and most considerable, is to amuse themselves, "circa orbem vilem et patulum, with a vile circuit open "to all the world," that is, with bringing into a tragedy all the parts of Homer's poem, imitating his very connection and chain: as for instance, in opening the scene with the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, and closing all with Hector's funeral. Heinſius is mistaken, in thinking Horace means a "vain circuit "of words, that do not relate to the subject." The circuit he speaks of, is in the fable, and nothing can be more vicious: for what would be but of a just extent for an heroic poem, would be monstrous, confined to the narrow limits of a tragedy. "Remember, above all things, says Aristotle, not to make "a tragedy of an epic plot; I call an epic plot, a plot consisting of several fables; as if you should bring all the Iliad into one play." There is another vicious circuit besides this: see the 147th verse.

L. 133. Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere.] Not to translate Homer word for word, the business of an exact translator, not of a poet. He should imitate the discretion of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who all of them make bold with Homer's sentiments, but do not translate him literally: Horace condemns the superstitious exactness of such translators, as keep close to the letter. Cicero says very well, in the treatise *de optim. gen. orat.*
Speak

But then you must not copy trivial things,
 Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
 Nor, as some servile imitators do,
 Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
 As they must ever slavishly observe,
 Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin

Speaking of the two orations of Eschynes and Demosthenes, which he translated, "*Nec converti, ut interpretes, etc.* I have translated them not as an interpreter, but as an orator, by preserving the sentences, and their different forms, as well as the figures, and explaining the rest in terms, adapted to our customs, and according to our manners. I did not think it necessary for me to confine myself to render them word for word, but only to express the force and propriety of the terms, believing I ought not to give the reader those terms by tale but by weight." If a translator should not translate word for word, how much less should a poet?

L. 134. *Nec desilies imitator in arctum, unde pedem proferre.* This, in my opinion, is one of the most difficult places in Horace: the poet does not here speak of those who confine themselves to a certain measure of verse, in their imitation, nor of those who lose sight of their original. He has already given tragic poets two ways of rendering subjects that have been handled, which he prefers to invented ones: the first is, not to bring the whole matter of an heroic poem into a tragedy; and the second, not to translate it word for word: he here gives them a third, not to keep too close to their author, in imitating one action only, so as to perplex themselves, or break the laws of tragedy, which laws are very different from those of heroic poetry; suppose, for example, I was to write a tragedy on Achilles' choler, and to follow the two first rules of Horace; that is, not to put all the *Ilias* in my play, nor use his expressions: I shall break the third rule, if I servilely represent the same circumstances of Achilles' choler, as Homer has

re-

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim :

" Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum."

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

Quanto

represented it ; for, by that means, I shall entangle myself in a great many difficulties ; how shall I represent Achilles with his sword half drawn, and Minerva holding him by the arm to hinder his killing Agamemnon ; an incident which is marvellous in an epic poem, and yet would be ridiculous in a tragedy. They who read *refere* here instead of *proferre*, did not understand the passage.

L. 136. Nec sic incipies.] He blames the pompous beginnings of some tragedies, when poets, to give the audience a great idea of their performances, begin loftily, which is faulty several ways ; the beginning should be simple and modest. This is a rule in epic poetry, and much more in tragedy.

Ut scriptor cyclicus olim.] See what is said of these cyclic poets, in the seventh ode of the first book. It is not known who was the cyclic poet of whom Horace speaks ; some learned men have thought it was Maevius, who wrote a poem on the Trojan war, in which he comprised all the history of Priamus, from his birth to his death : but the word *olim* shews he means some more ancient poet. Stasimus, who wrote the little Ilias, is thought to be this cyclic poet, by those who follow the Scholiast, on the knights of Aristophanes, who places this poet amongst the cyclics : Photius will not have him to be one of them ; Casaubon thinks he was of the number of those poets who joined in that work, mentioned by the ancients under the name of the cyclic poem, which took in the history of the world from the beginning of it, to the death of Ulysses, and was the work of several poets, as Onomacritus, Lesches, Eumelus, and others, though it is often quoted as the production of one man, " Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile letum," the beginning of Maevius' poem. What would Ho-

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,
 "Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate I sing;"
 In what will all this ostentation end?
 The lab'ring mountain scarce bring forth a mouse:

How

race have said of Statius, another cyclic poet, who brings all the story of Achilles into his poem, as Maevius brought that of Priamus into his.

Magnanimum Aeacidem formidatamque tonanti
 Progeniem, et vetitam patrio succedere coelo,
 Diva refer.

A poet must be hard put to it to maintain the idea of a hero, dreaded even by Jove, to the end of the poem. There is nothing more extravagant than these blustering beginnings, the sure signs of a weak poet; the moderns are very apt to fall into this fault, and imitate the vices of the ancients.

L. 138. *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*] *Hiare* is to open the mouth very wide, as those are obliged to do who pronounce big words and sounding verses: Perseus, who also laughs at this foolish blustering at the beginning of epic and dramatic poems, makes use of this very term in the fifth satire,

Fabula seu moesto ponatur hianda tragoedo.

The fifteen first verses of this satire are a comment on this of Horace's.

L. 139. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*] Horace, by ending this verse with the monosyllable *mus*, against the common rule, expresses admirably well, what the bombast promises of these boasting poets produce. The end of this verse is an imitation of that in the first book of the Georgics.

----- *Saepe exiguus mus.*

Where, according to Quintilian's judgment, "Clausula ipsa uni-

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte?

140

"Dic mihi, musa, virum, captae post tempora Trojae,

"Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes."

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem

Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,

Anti-

"us syllabae non usitata addidit gratiam." The fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse is in Aesop. Phaedrus applies it to those who promise much, and perform nothing. It is very old, as appears by the jest of the Egyptians, who having a long time expected Agesilaus to come to their assistance, and when he came, seeing him so little and so ugly, said among themselves, "It was the labour of the mountain which brought forth a rat," Athenaeus quotes the words of it.

L. 140. Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte.] To these blustering beginnings of the boasting poets, he opposes the discretion and modesty of Homer, in that of his *Odysses*; for nothing can be more plain.

Qui nil molitur inepte.] Horace's saying, that Homer did nothing improperly, ought to restrain some modern authors, who, by endeavouring to find out gross faults in him, only discover their ignorance and ill taste.

L. 141. Dic mihi, musa, virum.] Horace includes the three first verses of Homer's *Odysses* in two, contenting himself with expressing the modesty and simplicity of Homer's beginning, without explaining all the parts of it; for otherwise, one might find considerable faults in his translation. He has forgotten the epithet, *πολύτροπον*, *wise*, which marks Ulysses' character: he neglects the circumstance that makes us most concerned for his hero, *ὅς μάλα πολλά πλάγχθη*, "Who wan-

dered

How far is this from the Meonian stile?

" Muse, speak the man, who since the siege of Troy,

" So many towns, such change of manners saw."

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,

The other out of smoke brings glorious light,

And, without raising expectation high,

Surprizes us with daring miracles,

The

" dered a long time." He says in a loose way, " after the taking of Troy," whereas it is in Homer, " after having ruined Troy;" but, as I have said, his design was to shew Homer's modesty, and not to translate him.

L. 143. *Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.*] Those pompous beginnings that are not carried on, resemble fuel which easily takes fire, and after having blazed a while, goes out, and wastes away in smoke: it is a straw fire. Whereas modest beginnings encrease as they proceed, and are like solid fuel, which is hard to kindle, smokes a while, blazes up, and casts forth a fire that warms, illuminates, and burns a long time.

L. 144. *Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*] Horace here calls Homer's stories of Antiphates, Scylla, Charybdis, the Cyclops, Polyphemus, etc. shining wonders. And Longinus makes a very fine comparison of the *Ilias* and *Odysses*, with reference to these fables. " As the ocean is always great, though sometimes he leaves his shoars, and is confined in narrower limits; so Homer also, having left the *Ilias*, is still great, even in the incredulous and fabulous stories of the *Odysses*." He alludes to the tempests, the Cyclops, etc. the same places Horace calls wonders. Longinus, in the same chapter, calls those stories, " the dreams of Jupiter," dreams worthy of the king of the gods.

L. 145.

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdin,

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri, 146

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo :

Semper

L. 145. Antiphaten.] Antiphates, king of the Lestrigons, described in the tenth book of the *Odysses*. They were Cannibals, and Homer says they carried away Ulysses' followers in strings, like so many strings of fish.

Scyllamque et Charybdin.] Two rocks in the straits of Sicily, the one called *Scylla*, from the Punic word *Scel*, which signifies *destruction*; the other *Charybdis*, from *Chorobdam*, signifying an "abyss of perdition." Homer makes two horrible monsters of them. See the description in the twelfth book of the *Odysses*.

Cum Cyclope.] Polyphemus, king of the Cyclops, who dwelt in Sicily, near the promontory of Lilybaeum: it is one of the most agreeable tales in Homer. See the ninth book of the *Odysses*.

L. 146. Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri.] Homer has not written on Diomedes' return: neither is it what Horace means in this passage; the sense of which is, that Homer, in his poem on the return of Ulysses, has not done like the poet Antimachus in his return of Diomedes, whose adventure he begins with the death of his uncle Meleager, which is absurd; for by this he gives a beginning to the beginning of the action; "Before which, as Aristotle observes, nothing must be supposed necessary." This matter is treated of in the seventh chapter of his art of poetry.

L. 147.

The bloody Leftrygons inhuman feasts,
 With all the monsters of the land and sea;
 How Scylla bark'd, and Polyphemus roar'd:
 He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
 When he begins to write the Trojan war;
 Nor writing the return of Diomed,
 Go back as far as Meleager's death:

Nothing

L. 147. *Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.*] The Trojan war is not the subject of the *Ilias*, it is only the occasion of it. Homer makes no beginning nor end to the siege of Troy; nay, there is hardly a middle that is proper to it; but he forgets none of the parts of his subject, which is Achilles' choler. He does not so much as relate the circumstances of the rape of Helen, the cause of the war. Horace laughed here at the author of the little *Ilias*, who began his poem with the two eggs: in one of which Helen and Clytemnestra were enclosed; in the other Castor and Pollux. The unity of the person can never excuse the breaking the unity of the action, which as Aristotle teaches, must be always preserved: he condemns, in his art of poetry, the authors of the *Heracliade* and *Theseiade*, for not observing that unity, and sets Homer's conduct as an example. He has not in his *Odysses* heaped together all the events that happened to Ulysses; nor in the *Ilias* does he amuse himself with writing the history of Achilles: he introduces no adventure that has not relation to his subject in either of these poems. Statius, after Aristotle and Horace had given such good rules, falls into a greater fault than even the author of the little *Ilias*; instead of beginning his *Thebaid* with the incestuous birth of Eteocles and Polynices, he begins it with the rape of Europa, the occasion of the founding of Thebes.

L. 148.

Semper ad eventum festinat ; et in medias res,

Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit : et quae

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit :

150

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,

Primo

L. 148. Semper ad eventum festinat.] Still going forward to the end of his subject, he makes use of no episode but what leads to it. The end of the Ilias is Achilles' vengeance. Statius, instead of going forward to the end of his action, seems afraid of coming to it, and flies back by episodes, independent of his subject.

L. 149. Et in medias res, non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.] A passage of great importance, and very difficult: it has been interpreted, as if Horace would say, that Homer presently transports his readers to the middle of his subject, to hold them always in desire and hope to the end of it. This, it is true, is one of the greatest beauties of an epic poem, and Homer has not neglected it, as Macrobius observes in the second chapter of the fifteenth book of his Saturnalia ; but Horace, having treated of this precept in the 42d and 43d verses, it is not likely he should repeat it here : besides, Horace does not talk here of what Homer does in the beginning, but what he does in the sequel, through the whole course of the poem, as appears plainly by what goes before, "Semper ad eventum festinat, He always hastened to the end of the action." The true sense of this passage is, Homer carries his reader swiftly over all things that preceded the action, he calls them *medias res*, middle things, either because he places the recital of them in the course of the poem, after the beginning or before the end ; or because they are things which the Greeks call properly *μυστα*, middling, indifferent. Horace says, the poet passes swiftly over those adventures, as if they were known : and such is Homer's constant practice ; every thing that precedes the siege of Troy, and Achilles' vengeance, is related in the course of the poem, as public events known to all the world :

this

Nothing is idle, each judicious line
 Insensibly acquaints us with the plot;
 He chuses only what he can improve,
 And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd

That

this a tragic poet ought to observe, as well as an epic. Sophocles, in his *Oedipus*, passes swiftly over every thing that precedes the action of his tragedy.

L. 150. *Et quae desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.*] This is a consequence of what he said just before, that Homer carries his reader swiftly over every thing that precedes his action; fearing one might from thence believe he gave the whole history. Horace shews the poet's address, in not mentioning all the incidents of the story, but making a judicious choice of them; leaving those that were not susceptible of ornaments, suitable to the grandeur and majesty of his poem: he does not speak of Leda's eggs, nor the rape of Helen in the *Iliad*, nor of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, nor of Achilles' disguising himself like a girl; and thus a tragic poet should reject all incidents that do not answer the grandeur of his subject.

L. 151. *Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.*] The soul of an epic poem is the fable, which includes a general truth, made particular by the application of names. Thus the truth contain'd in the *Iliad* is, that union and subordination preserves states, and that discord and disobedience destroy them: the fiction in which this truth is wrapt up, is the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, feigned to be taken from a known story, as the Trojan war, to make it the more probable. In epic poetry, the fiction goes always on with the truth; but it is not only moral truth that Homer teaches in his fictions, sometimes also it is physical and historical, which he unfolds in fine fables, to render them the more marvellous, and consequently the more agreeable. None has succeeded so well as himself in these fables: Horace begins this precept with them, and continues it with the mixture of "the fable" and the truth, *Sic veris falsa remiscet.* Which is a perfect

M

expla-

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.

Tu, quid ego, et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulaea manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;
Aetatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,

Mo-

explanation of Homer's conduct, and all the mystery of an epic poem, according to Aristotle's rules. The poet first draws the plan of his fable, which is not less a fable than any of Aesop's; *mentitur, he feigns*. After he has laid down this plan, he must make his fable probable, and persuade that it has been done, to have it believed that it is possible. To this purpose he attributes it to certain known persons; he names the places that were the scene of it, all which he takes from a known story, borrowing some true actions and circumstances, which he accommodates to his design. "Sic veris falsa remiscet;" those poets who have not, like Homer, drawn the plan of their poems, after they had sought out some hero in history, and chosen a true action done by that hero, have never succeeded: as Silius, Statius, Lucan; and among the Greeks, the authors of the Heracliade and The-
siade: Aristotle prescribes this rule in the eighteenth chapter of his art of poetry, and it is the foundation of an epic poem.

L. 152. Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.] He every where mixes the fable with the truth, that the three parts of his subject may be connected and equal. The middle, which is the knot, must answer to the beginning; and the end, which is the unravelling of it, to the beginning and middle. If fiction is used in one part, and not in all, the parts will be so unequal and disjointed, that they will not compose one whole: neither will the marvellous, which is produced more by fiction than truth, reign through the work as it ought to do. This is also to be observed in tragedy,

L. 153. Tu, quid ego, et populus mecum desideret, audi.]

He

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 8179

That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects;

If you intend that he should stay to hear

The epilogue, and see the curtain fall,

Mind how our tempers alter with our years,

And

He returns to the manners. *Tu, thou*, who writest dramatic poems. All poets, and not the Pisos.

L. 154. *Si plausoris eges aulaea manentis.*] If you would have us stay the play out, "*Aulaea manere*, Stay till the curtain "is raised," or, as we say now-a-days, till the curtain is dropt. See *Aulaea premuntur*, in the first epistle of the second book.

L. 155. *Donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat.*] *Cantor*, the chorist, who used to say, *vos plaudite*. Quintilian, in the first chapter of the sixth book; "*Tunc est commovendum theatrum*, etc. You must, above all things, endeavour to move the audience, when you come near the *vos plaudite*, with which all ancient comedies and tragedies end."

L. 156. *Actatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.*] He has already said, the manners ought to be like, *famam sequere*; agreeable, *convenientia fingere*; and equal, "*Servetur ad imum qualis ab inepto processerit.*" There wants still a fourth quality: they ought to be well expressed, well distinguished, "*notandi sunt tibi mores.*" So distinguished, that no-body may be able to mistake them, that every one, when he sees the actions of the person you have formed, may say, those are the actions of a furious, a passionate, an ambitious, an inconstant, or covetous man; and this, with the other three, make the four qualities which Aristotle requires for the manners; Horace only inverts his order, by putting that quality last, which the philosopher puts first: but this changing the order does not change the rule, and in the main is of no consequence. Aristotle treats of it in the sixteenth chapter of his art of poetry.

Mobilibusque decor, naturis dandus et annis.

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo

Signat humum; gessit paribus concludere, et iram

Conligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas. 160

Inerbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,

Gaudet equis, canibusque, et aprici gramine campi;

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,

Utilium

L. 157. Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.] A fine verse, and very expressive. Word for word, "give to moveable natures and years their proper beauty." *Moveable natures*, that is, age, which always rolls on like a river, and as it rolls gives different inclinations, which are what he calls *decor*, the beauty proper to age: each age having its beauties, as well as each season; to give the virile age the beauty of youth, is to deck autumn with the beauties of the spring.

Et annis.] Horace is not satisfied with saying, *each age*, he says, *each year*; because the inclinations of each age are not the same at the beginning and the end: there is an insensible change, which a poet ought to know and distinguish, as a painter ought to know and distinguish the changes of each season, and not make the end of the summer like its beginning.

L. 158. Reddere qui voces jam scit puer.] Children learn to speak by imitation: Horace therefore says, *reddere voces*, to render words: he is running through the four ages of mankind, which tragic, comic, and epic poets ought alike to understand how to distinguish well. Infancy, the first, is not so necessary as the other three, an infant being seldom introduced as an actor; for which reason Aristotle mentions only youth, manhood, and old age. The qualities Homer ascribes here to infancy remain also in youth, where that philosopher comprized them.

L. 160.

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 181

And by those rules form all your characters.

One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,

Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleas'd,

And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.

A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,

Loves horses, hounds, and sports, and exercise,

Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,

Proud,

L. 160. *Iram conligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.*] These changes proceed only from the softness of the brain, where objects are easily impressed and effaced. Wherefore, according as that softness is greater or less, those changes are also the slower or swifter: whence it is that he says here of an infant, "mutatur in horas," and afterwards of a young man, "amata relinquare pernix." Though the latter is more steady, yet he is still changeable.

Temere.] Without reason or reflection.

L. 161. *In herbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto.*] See what Simon says in Terence's *Andraea*, speaking of his son, "*Quod plerique omnes faciunt adolescentuli*," etc. Horace copies Aristotle in this picture of the manners; but he paints in little, what Aristotle painted in great, in the second book of his rhetoric, and contents himself with giving a stroke of some of the principal features.

L. 162. *Et aprici gramine campi.*] Youth delights in the exercises of the field of Mars, explained in the eighth ode of the first book.

L. 163. *Cereus in vitium flecti.*] It easily receives the impressions of vice.

Monitoribus asper.] It hates reproof.

Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aeris,
 Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix. 165
 Conversis studiis, aetas animusque virilis
 Quaerit opes et amicitias, inservit honori;
 Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.
 Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
 Quaerit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti; 170
 Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,
 Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,

Difficilis,

L. 164. Utilium tardus provisor.] Young people always prefer the honourable to the profitable.
 Prodigus aeris.] They know not the value of money, and therefore squander it away.

L. 165. Sublimis.] Presumptuous, vain.

Cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.] Inconstant, wavering. Aristotle says their dreams are like the hunger and thirst of the sick.

L. 166. Conversis studiis, aetas animusque virilis.] The manners of the virile age, is the middle between the manners of youth and old age.

L. 167. Quaerit opes et amicitias.] A man in his virile age is for heaping up riches and getting friends.

Inservit honori.] A man in the virile age endeavours to reconcile honour with interest; this Horace means by *inservit*, a term that denotes mediocrity.

L. 168. Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.] He corrects the vices of custom by reason, and would do nothing he may repent of.

L. 169. Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda.] Old men,

Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
 Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
 And make us slaves to interest and pow'r.
 Old men are only walking hospitals,
 Where all defects, and all diseases, croud
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
 Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
 Oppress'd with riches, which they dare not use;

III.

as Aristotle observes, are hard to please, irresolute, malicious, suspicious, covetous, peevish, timorous, etc.

170. *Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.*] Old men are always scraping wealth together, but dare not make use of it.

L. 171. *Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat.*] Old age is attended with no greater inconveniency than timidity.

L. 172. *Dilator.*] It is irresolute.

Spe longus.] Old men do not easily hope. Aristotle says, they are difficult to hope. Lambin explains "*spe longus*, who carries far his hopes," which he grounds on what Horace says elsewhere, "*Spatio brevi spem longam refecit, et spem inchoare longam.*" But there is a great deal of difference between *spe longa* and *spe longus*. Horace is speaking of what commonly happens to old men, who are longer conceiving hopes than young. The latter are *εὐλαδῆς*. They conceive hope on nothing, "*spe citi, spe prompti.*" The former *δυσελπίδῆς*, *spe longi*, "*spe tardi.*" Hard to conceive hope. They hope for nothing but what they see, or as Aristotle has it, "They live more by memory than hope."

Iners.] Lazy, slow. *Avidusque futuri*, tender of life, the

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
 Se puero, castigatorem censorumque minorum,
 Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
 Multa recedentes adimunt. ne forte seniles
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;
 Semper in adjunctis, aevoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180
 Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quae

Ipse

nearer they draw to its end. *Difficilis*, humourfome, peevish. *Querulus*, always complaining. "Laudator temporis acti se puero," they are full of times past, when their pleasures were more lively. This makes them great talkers. The character of Nestor, in the first book of the *Ilias*, is exactly such a one.

L. 174. Castigator censorumque minorum.] Taken from Aristotle's principles, old men are guided by reason, not by custom, and think young men fools for following custom more than reason. This makes them always grumbling and out of humour.

L. 175. Multi ferunt anni venientes.] *Anni venientes*, the coming years; the years preceding the virile age. *Anni recedentes*, the returning years; the years going back towards old age and death; the former were always reckoned by the ancients by addition, the latter by subtraction. See the fifth ode of the second book. The French have an expression like the *recedentes* of the ancients; for they say of a person who is declining in years, he is "sur son retour, upon his return."

L. 176. Ne forte seniles mandentur juveni partes.] The manners and passions which attend each age should be carefully studied, to prevent confounding them.

L. 178.

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 185

Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
 And fond of all the follies of the past.
 Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,
 Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
 Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told ;
 But what we hear moves less than what we see ;
 Spectators only have their eyes to trust ;

But

[L. 178. *Semper in adjunctis, aevoque morabimur aptis.*] *Adjuncta aevo*, every thing that necessarily attends the age. *Apta aevo*, every thing proper to it. The same may be applied to sex, country, quality, and whatever else distinguishes mankind ; as in the sixteenth chapter of Aristotle's art of poetry.

[L. 179. *Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.*] Dramatic poems consist of representation and recital. By representation every thing is brought on the stage that ought to be exposed to the view of the spectators. By recital he is informed of every thing he ought not to see. It is the same with epic poetry.

[L. 180. *Segnius irritant animos.*] What we see touches us more than what we hear, and the eyes are more incredulous than the ears. A poet therefore should take care not to keep behind the scenes what he ought to expose on the stage, and not to expose what would shock the spectators.

[L. 181. *Oculis fidelibus.*] Faithful eyes. *Faithful*, which, like a looking-glass, render the object such as they receive it, whose testimony is to be credited.

L. 182.

Ipse sibi tradit spectator. non tamen intus

Digna geri, promes in scenam : multaque tolles

Ex oculis, quae mox narret facundia praefens.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet ; 185

Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus :

Aut

L. 182. Et quae ipse sibi tradit spectator.] A happy expression ; in representation, the spectator learns by himself what passes. In recital he learns it only from the reciter ; in the one he forms what idea of it he pleases, in the other, he can form only what idea the reciter pleases to give him.

Non tamen intus digna geri.] A poet must never expose any thing that is incredible and cruel.

L. 184. Facundia praefens.] The recital of an actor present. *Facundia*, because the recital ought to be pompous and pathetic, as that of the death of Orestes in the *Electra*.

L. 185. Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.] Some have thought Horace here does not condemn all murders upon the stage, only horrible ones, as that of a mother killing her children ; nay, it has been endeavoured to be proved, that murders may be exposed with success from the practice of Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Eschylus, in his *Ceophores*, kills Agamemnon, Prometheus, and Clytemnestra, on the stage ; Sophocles does the same in his *Electra*, where Orestes kills his mother. And Euripides in his *Alceste*, who kills her on the stage. But this does not at all excuse the defiling it with blood. Neither are these allegations of those that defend it true. Agamemnon is not killed in sight of the audience ; for the chorus, who hear his cries in the palace, resolve to enter to his assistance ; and Prometheus is carried off by a tempest, which closes the scene. Scaliger is strangely mistaken in this ; especially as to Clytemnestra, for the

But auditors must trust their ears and you ;

Yet there are things improper for a scene,

Which men of judgment only will relate.

Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife,

And spill her childrens blood upon the stage,

Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.

Cadmus

is so far from being killed in view of the spectators, that "Orestes bids her follow him; that he may kill her near the body of Egistheus." In Sophocles, Orestes' mother is in the palace when she is killed, as appears plainly by what Electra says to her deliverers, upon their re-entering the stage with their hands bloody. True, Alceste in Euripides does die on the stage. But she pines away; her woman cries out, "She languishes, she dies away with her sickness." She was not wounded behind the scenes. She died; but was not killed on the stage. In Sophocles, Ajax is said to be killed on the stage, which is a mistake too; for the poet has, with very great address, placed a wood at the end of it, in which Ajax is murdered, the spectators not seeing it. Horace here puts Medea and Atreus for all sorts of tragic stories. For murders cannot be allowed on the stage, let them be of what nature soever. None but bad poets, who had not genius enough to move by the narration, have introduced bloody spectacles. Medea is a very fine fable for a tragedy. Horace does not condemn it, but her killing her children in public. Seneca however breaks this rule in his Medea.

[L. 186. Aut humana palam coquat extra nefarius Atreus.] The story is, Atreus, who served up his nephews to his brother Thyestes their father, for a supper. It is thought Sophocles wrote upon it, as did the Roman poet Accius, who directly avoided what Horace forbids here.

Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu

Fabula, quae posci vult, et spectata reponi. 190

Nec

L. 187. Aut in avem Progne.] He speaks now of other incidents that should not be exposed; such as would be as ridiculous to see as agreeable to read. Of this kind are all metamorphoses. For instance, Progne into a swallow; Philomel into a nightingale, and the like. In epic poetry, they may be brought in by narration. As the metamorphoses of Ulysses' ship into stone; and Aeneas' into Nymphs, in Homer and Virgil.

L. 188. Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.] Some things are to be shewn in tragedy, some to be told; if what should be told is shewn, and what should be shewn, told, it will spoil the poem. To shew what you should tell is the greatest fault. Horace explains a hint of Aristotle's in his sixteenth book, and gives the reason as well as the precept. For prodigies exposed to fight are incredible. They are only tolerable in narration.

L. 189. Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu.] A Scanius Pedianus says the same. This rule is grounded on the constant practice of the ancients. Though it is not mentioned, it is implied in Aristotle's art of poetry, where he tells us, "Poets ought to give their subjects not an arbitrary but a certain extent." As this extent must be certain, so it must be just, which is exactly this division into five acts, practised in all regular plays, as well ancient as modern. The Greeks had no term that signified *act*, but they had another division better than the Latins, or ours. For by marking the extent of tragedy in general, it marked also the different nature of its parts in particular,

Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis,

(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)

And whatsoever contradicts my sense,

I hate to see, and never can believe.

Five acts are the just measure of a play.

Never

cular, which that of the Latins and ours do not do. By dividing tragedy into five acts, the Latin and modern poets divide it into five like parts, which is vicious. This matter is discoursed of at large in the notes on the twelfth chapter of Aristotle's art of poetry. If plays of five acts are of a just extent, those of three are defective. Plays of three acts have the defect which Aristotle finds in little objects. The sight is confounded, and they are either naked of, or loaded with, incidents. Plays of six or seven acts would have the defect of great objects. The spectators would lose the idea of the whole, on account of its excessive bigness, wherefore the just medium lies in the five acts. In which there is room for the variety of incidents necessary for the passions. Three acts are not to be born with in any thing but farces, which supply the places of the Satyrs and Exodia of the ancients. Five acts are so essential and necessary to a perfect dramatic poem, that this rule is not once broken by the Greeks and Latins. Euripides observes it even in his Cyclops, a satyric play, or rather a pastoral, wherein he might have taken more liberty than in a regular tragedy. Yet though that piece consists of but eight hundred verses, he has very exactly marked the division of five acts. Marcus Antoninus has this rule in view, when he compares life to a theatrical piece. He is comforting a young man who was dying, and answers him, "I have not yet finished the five acts, I have played but three. But in life, replied the emperor, three acts are a complete play." If it is objected, that monsieur

Racine

Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus

Inciderit : nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile

Defendat :

Racine wrote a play of three acts ; though we must not accuse him as ignorant of the rules of his art, we may very well conclude he did not intend an entirely regular play. He was not willing to leave his story, which in its simplicity could not easily furnish out five acts, and thought much more of preserving the holiness and majesty of the original, than by multiplying incidents to give it a just extent.

L. 191. Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.] The tragic poets were blamed of old for that, when they could not unravel their plots, they had recourse to a divinity, who came in a machine, and did it for them, as is done in the *Medea* of Euripides. This rule is taken from Aristotle, who does not, however, quite exclude machines, but such only as are not born of the subject, either necessarily or probably ; and this is the true sentiment of Horace, who says, machines should never be made use of, but when the knot deserves that a god should come to untie it. We read in Aristotle, chap. xvi. " In the manners, as well as in the disposition of the subject, the poet must have regard to what is either necessary or probable, so that the events may happen either necessarily or probably. From whence it is evident, that the unravelling the plot ought to be produced by the plot itself, without making use of the help of a machine, as in the *Medea*." This relates only to dramatic poetry, for, in epic, machines are absolutely necessary.

[Dignus vindice nodus.] A happy expression, taken from the Roman law, which calls a man *vindicem*, who sets a slave at liberty. Thus Horace looks on an entangled piece, as a slave that stands in need of a god to come and set him at liberty.

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 191

Never presume to make a god appear,

But for a business worthy of a god;

And in one scene no more than three should speak.

A chorus should supply what action wants,

And

L. 192. *Nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*] The ancient tragic poets seldom introduced above two persons speaking in a scene, three were rarely to be met with, and four hardly ever. So Diomedes writes, "In Graeco dramate fere tres personae solae agunt." But it may happen there may be occasion for four to speak. Monsieur D'Aubignac pretends Horace does not entirely condemn the introducing a fourth person, but that a fourth person should not force himself to speak. The text will bear such a construction, and our poets have added a fifth to this fourth person. Nay, Scaliger, in the third book of his art of poetry, says, "They make no scruple of bringing a fourth person into a scene; as 'Aristophanes' ghost in the frogs, the same in his *Plutus* and in his birds." However, what Scaliger says of *Aristophanes* does not decide the dispute. For Horace talks of tragedy, and not of comedy, in which no-body questions a great deal more liberty may be taken. It is very likely Horace's rule is simple, and without restriction, drawn from the common practice of the Greeks, and its being the most convenient, the most natural, and the most safe way. Aristotle informs us, *Eschylus* invented a principal person, which he joined to him who appeared between the songs of the chorus, and that *Sophocles* added a third. Nevertheless there are three actors to be met with in some of *Eschylus*' plays. See the remarks on the fourth chapter of that philosopher's art of poetry.

L. 193. *Astoris partes chorus, officiumque virile defendat.*] The chorus were a company of actors, who supplied the place of those who ought probably to be present at the action represented, and were concerned in it. It was the foundation of all the probability

Defendat : neu quid medios intercinat actus,
 Quod non proposito conducat, et haereat apte. 195
 Ille bonis faveatque et consilietur amice,
 Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes ;
 Ille dapes laudet mensae brevis, ille salubrem
 Justitiam,

bility of dramatic poetry, which, since it has lost its chorus, has lost half of its verisimilitude and greatest ornament, rendering our modern tragedy no more than the shadow of the ancient. The chorus had two functions. For in the course of the acts, they were to join in the action, and act a part, the *Coriphæus* speaking alone in the name of all the rest, and after each act, all the chorus was to note the interval by their songs. Horace prescribes here two rules for these two functions of the chorus. The first is contained in this verse,

Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile defendat.

"The chorus must act the part of an actor, and perform the functions of a single person." It is a translation or explanation of a passage in Aristotle's art of poetry, wherein it is said, "The chorus must act the part of an actor, be one of the persons of the piece, and make a part of the whole." The second function is contain'd in the following remarks.

L. 194. *Neu quid medios intercinat actus, quod non proposito conducat.* What the chorus sung between the acts to mark the intervals : which song Horace will have to agree with the subject, that is, be taken from it, and help to the forwarding it. Aristotle says, Sophocles and Euripides should be imitated in this; and those who do otherwise, "inserta canunt, sing inserted songs," as suitable to one tragedy as another. Sophocles is the true model for the constitution of choruses : Euripides was sometimes deficient in this, though Scaliger prefers his conduct to Sophocles ; Aristophanes blames Euripides for it, in his *Acharnenses*.

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 193

And hath a generous and manly part;
 Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
 And strict observance of impartial laws,
 Sobriety, security, and peace,
 And begs the gods to turn blind fortune's wheel,

To

ses. "And those, says he, who compose his chorus stand there like fools:" upon which the Scholiast makes this judicious remark, "Aristophanes in this verse laughs at Euripides for introducing chorules that do not sing things agreeable to the subject, but stories that are foreign to it," as in his *Phoenicians*. L. 196. *Ille bonis faveatque.*] In these six verses, Horace tells us what was the business of the chorus: Scaliger forgets a great deal of it. The chorus always took the part of honest men; the theatre was then the school of piety, and justice better taught there than in the temples. "*Et concilietur amicis.*" Some have read, "*et consilietur amicis,*" to give council to its friends: that was indeed one of the duties of the chorus; but I question whether there are any instances of *consilium*, to express giving counsel; till I meet with one I will rather chuse to read, "*et concilietur amicis,*" that is, it joined with its friends, and supported their interests.

L. 197. *Et regat iratos.*] As in *Oedipus*, the chorus endeavours to moderate that prince's choler against *Tiresias*, and *Tiresias* against him.

Et amet peccare timentes.] The chorus was so religious, that it always declared for the innocent against the guilty.

L. 198. *Ille dapas laudet menfac brevis.*] The chorus of tragedy may have frequent occasions to commend sobriety, one of the principal moral virtues.

N

L. 199.

Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis :

Ille tegat commissâ, deosque precetur, et oret, 200

Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubaeque

Aemula;

L. 199. Ille salubrem justitiam, legesque.] The chorus of Oedipus furnishes us with wonderful examples of what Horace writes on this Subject.

Et apertis otia portis.] As in that fine chorus of Euripides, when addressing to the queen of peace, it says,

Queen of riches, happy Peace!

Fairest of the goddesses;

With what impatience have I waited,

How long expected you in vain?

I fear old age will now destroy me

Before I shall behold your beauty,

Before your dances I behold

So full of grace, before I see

Your crowns, your feasts, and hear your songs.

L. 200. Ille tegat commissâ.] The most essential qualities of the chorus, are fidelity and secrecy, without which all verisimilitude is lost, and the poem spoiled. These qualities depend on the poet's address, who ought so to chuse his chorus, that its own interest may engage it to conceal what it is entrusted with, and to take care, that in concealing it, it does nothing against its duty. Euripides has committed a fault of this kind, in his Medea, who, though a stranger at Corinth, contrives the death of her rival the king of Corinth's daughter, as also that of the king, and afterwards to kill her own children, tells the chorus, composed of Corinthian women, the king's subjects, her design; and yet they are so faithful to this foreigner, that they do not discover it to their

na-

To raise the wretched, and pull down the proud,
But nothing must be sung between the acts,
But what some way conduces to the plot.

First, the shrill sound of a small rural pipe

(Not

natural prince. The chorus, it is true, must be faithful, but without violating the laws of nature, or the laws of God: the fidelity of the Corinthian women to Medea, is criminal; the Greek scholiasts endeavour to excuse it, by saying, that the Corinthian women being free, declared for justice, as choruses ought to do; which excuse is ridiculous and impious; and the same Euripides, who has made this Corinthian chorus so faithful, when it should not have been so, makes the chorus of Creusa's waiting women in Ion, fail in their fidelity to Xuthus, and reveal her husband's secret to their mistress, though he had commanded them, on pain of death, not to do it. Horace's rule is, indeed, not so general, but it may admit of some exception; but I can much less forgive Euripides for the treachery committed in Iphigenia in Tauris; the chorus is composed of Grecian women, and this princess begs them to tell no-body of her plot to carry off the statue of Diana, promising to take them with her. The women are faithful to her, and yet she flies away alone with Orestes, and abandons them to the rage of Thoas, who would certainly have severely punished them, had not Minerva come to their deliverance.

L. 201. *Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.*] A necessary consequence of the justice and piety of the chorus. The ancients blame Euripides, because his choruses are not always so much concerned as they ought to be, for the unhappy. Sophocles never erred once in this particular.

L. 202. *Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta.*] The eighteen following verses are obscure. After having spoken of the choruses

Aemula ; sed tenuis, simplexque foramine paucō

Adspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque

Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu : 203

Quo sane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,

Et frugi, castusque, verecundusque coibat.

Postquam

in tragedy, he speaks of the changes that had happened in the music, and the verse, and the better to explain it, makes use of a very just example, saying, that as the choruses of the Roman plays, which were at first plain, with one very little flute, and without any ornament, changed the tone, when the Roman people began to be more powerful and rich, riches and luxury having introduced the same change in verse and music, as in manner; so the same thing happened to the choruses of the Greek tragedies, the music of which was at first as plain as the verse, but by degrees it became more harmonious and strong, and the measure of the verse was accommodated to the music; in which measure they soon imitated the dignity and majesty of the oracles.

Orichalco vineta.] *Oryxanthos*, *Orichalkos*, a sort of mountain copper, what we now-a-days call brass: the ancients esteemed it so much, that for a long time they preferred it to gold itself, as in the second chapter of the thirty fourth book of Pliny: Virgil puts it with gold, speaking of Turnus's Gaius. Those who took it for a natural metal, half gold, and half copper, did not remember Aristotle's observation, that nature produces no such sort of metal.

Tubaeque aemula.] The flute was brought by degrees to such a pitch, that it equalled the trumpet, and was then used in the choruses of tragedies.

L. 203. Sed tenuis, simplexque.] *Tenuis* opposed to *tubae aemula*; *simplex* to *orichalco vineta*.

Foramine paucō adspirare, choris erat utilis.] Having few holes, proper for the choruses of tragedy, which do not require sound-

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 197

(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)

Was entertainment for the infant stage,

And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience

Of our well-meaning, frugal ancestors.

But

sounding music. The old commentator, says Varro, in the third book of the Latin tongue, which is lost, said he had seen one of the ancient flutes with but four holes.

L. 204. *Adspirare choris erat utilis.* A little flute is sufficient for a chorus, first, because the music should be soft, loud music not agreeing with the sentiments the chorus ought to have, as pity, tenderness, &c. And, secondly, because the theatres were then very little, and not much frequented.

L. 206. *Quo sane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus.* Horace lays down four reasons why the Romans were at first no fond of theatrical representations: as, 1. They were but few in number. 2. They were wise. 3. They were pious. And, 4. They were modest. Monsieur le Fevre will have it, that the last destroys all the rest. If the play-houses were empty, because there were few people to fill them, what need we attribute it to their piety or wisdom. He therefore corrected the text *parvus*, *stupid*, for *parvus*, *small*; which reading is not just: Horace opposes *parvus*, to *agros extendere*, and *latius murus*, as he opposes the three other epithets, *wise*, *pious*, and *modest*, to *vinous diurno placari genius*, to the dissolute manners which reigned soon after on festival days; besides, the word *parvus*, *stupid*, which monsieur le Fevre would read instead of *parvus*, *small*, cannot come in here on any account, since the people did not pay any thing at the theatre, the magistrates defraying the charge.

Postquam coepit agros extendere victor, et urbem
Lator amplecti murus, vinoque diurno

Placari genius festis impune diebus, 210

Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.

Indoctus quid enim saperet liberque laborum

Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?

Sic priscae motumque et luxuriam addidit arti

Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem : 215

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,

Et

L. 208. Postquam coepit agros extendere victor.] When their victories obliged the Romans to extend the compass of their walls, to admit the nations they had subdued, then luxury and riches altered the verse and music of the choruses, from simplicity to pomp.

L. 209. Vinoque diurno placari genius festis impune diebus.] It was not lawful for the first Romans to debauch by day-light, even not on festivals; "placari genius, soothe their genius:" a happy expression for the mirth of wine and good company.

L. 211. Accessit numerisque, modisque licentia major.] They gave themselves full liberty to alter the verse and music, from a soft and simple, to a lofty and diversified, tone.

L. 212. Indoctus quid enim saperet.] Horace attributes the variety and wantonness, which were added to poetry and music, to the ignorance, laziness, rudeness, and vileness of the villagers admitted by the Romans into their body. Socrates and Plato are of opinion, that wanton music proceeds from the ignorance of the mind, and the corruption of the heart.

Liberque laborum.] Lazy, and in repose after the vintage and harvest,

L. 213.

but when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
 And men, grown wanton by prosperity,
 Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
 The verse, the music, and the scene's improv'd;
 For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
 Or men of sense applaud the jests of fools?
 Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,
 Then instruments were taught more moving notes,

And

L. 213. *Urbano confusus, turpis honesto?*] The rudeness and debauchery of the villagers prevailed over the gentility and severity of the Romans.

L. 214. *Sic priscae motumque et luxuriam addidit arti.*] The players on the flute added movement and wantonness to the antient art, which was before chaste and severe. *Motus* answers to *numerus*, in the 211th verse, and *luxuria* to *modus*. Pliny says, "While they made use of simple music, but after, the variety and wantonness of songs were added to it;" which is taken from the fourth book of Theophrastus' history of plants. Plato tells us, "The variety in music produced intemperance."

L. 215. *Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.*] Dress, as well as music, was corrupted: the musicians wore their robes with long trains, only used by the Greeks: in tragedies they called them *Syrma*, as in Julius Pollux. *Vagus* relates to the motion of the chorus, in singing the Strophees and Antistrophees.

L. 216. *Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis.*] The application of the example. As our music and poetry changed as our people aggrandized themselves; so did also the Grecian lyre, from a plain, to a lofty tone: Cicero, in the second book *de legibus*, speaks of the "severity of the antient music: *antiquae musicae severitas.*"

Fidibus.] Horace assures us the antient Greek tragedy made use

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps :
 Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri,
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Carminē qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum, 220
 Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit, et asper

Incolumi

use of the lyre ; and indeed the lyre was used a long time. Sophocles played on it in his tragedy of Thamyris.

L. 177. Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps.] The verses of the Greek chorus, like those of the Latin, underwent the same change as the music ; instead of plainness an extravagance of language was affected, little different from that of the priests in pronouncing their oracles. Horace here falls on the Greek tragic poets, who are very often bombast, and affecting the sublime, swell into fustian, in imitation of the priests. Heinsius is very much mistaken in this passage.

Facundia praeceps.] The epithet *praeceps*, is enough to shew us, that Horace is censuring and not commending : *facundia praeceps*, is a bold, rash eloquence, the rhetoricians call it *metastasis*, and Quintilian, *praecepita*. Longinus opposes it to the sublime. It was said of Eschylus, “ sublimis usque ad vitium.”

L. 218. Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri.] Heinsius is out again here : Horace, as he pretends, is shewing how tragedy came to its perfection ; whereas he is not talking of tragedy in general, but of the chorus, and shews how it came to be corrupted : one of the functions of the chorus was to comfort the afflicted, which ought to be performed with a noble simplicity ; but from giving advice, the poets, in time, gave entirely into prophecy ; as the chorus of Eschylus ; Agamemnon says, “ I prophesy without mission, and without wages.” Horace here condemns the bombast diction, and the obscurity of the choruses.

L. 220.

And eloquence, with all her pomp and charms,
Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
As those deliver'd by the Delphic god.

The first tragedians found that serious stile
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And so brought wild and and naked satyrs in,

Whose

L. 220. *Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.*] He now speaks of the satyric poetry of the Greeks; a sort of poetry between comedy and tragedy: Horace seems here to attribute the invention of it to Thespis: "He who disputed the prize of tragedy soon produced satires;" but there are two reasons against this opinion: the first is, we read no where of Thespis' satyric pieces; and the second, that the disputes for the prize of tragic poetry were not in use in Thespis' time, as Plutarch informs us in the life of Solon. Suidas is positive that Pratinas was the inventor of satires. He lived a few years after the death of Thespis; it is therefore likely Horace means him, and that this poet, after having disputed the prize of tragedy, in a very little while wrote satires.

Tragico carmine certavit.] The disputes of the prize of tragic poetry were by the poets producing their pieces to be played in public: it is plain, by this passage, that these disputes were more antient than the invention of satires.

Ob hircum.] The poet, who obtained the prize, had a goat for his reward; it being the usual sacrifice to Bacchus, who presided over tragedy; and some will have it tragedy takes its name from this very goat, *τραγῳδία*, "The song of the goat."

L. 221. *Agrestes satyros nudavit.*] Shewed satyrs naked and without disguise, that is, bad satyric pieces played, wherein satyrs composed the chorus with father Silenus at their head: Demetrius Phalereus says, "No-body can ever form a tragedy,

" where-

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eo quod

Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus

Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.

Verum ita riores, ita commendare dicaces

225

Con.

" wherein raillery and laughter may be introduced; for he would then write a satire." There is but one remaining of all the satyric pieces of the antients, which is the Cyclop of Euripides, and that is sufficient to justify what Horace has written of them; he says *agrestes satyros*, as Euripides said of the Cyclop, *Κύκλωρος ἀγροβίρα*.

L. 222. Et asper incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit.] He endeavoured to bring raillery and pleasantry into satyric pieces, without offending the gravity of tragedy: the poet must always remember he is writing a sort of tragedy, and have a care of falling into mean raillery, which is only excusable in comedy. Tiberius in the Cyclop rallies Ulysses, and yet preserves the gravity of tragedy. "I know this famous prater, this noble sprig of Sisyphus." Horace uses the word *asper*, sharp, to express its raillery.

L. 223. Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus spectator.] He attributes the origin of satires to the audience's desire of novelty: Diomedes and Marius Victorinus have said the same thing. "Satyros induxerunt ludendi causa, jocandique, ut simul spectator inter res tragicas seriasque, satyrorum quoque jocis et lusibus delectaretur." The poets however had a more useful and specious pretence for it: tragedy was at first only a chorus, who sung the praises of Bacchus; actors were afterwards introduced, and scenes and acts placed between their songs; tragedy became so altered at last, that the chorus was almost lost in it, inasmuch, that it was a saying, "It makes not at all for Bacchus."

The

Whose motion, words, and shape were all a farce,
 (As oft as decency would give them leave)
 Because the mad ungovernable rout,
 Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
 Lov'd such variety and antic tricks.
 But then they did not wrong themselves so much

To

The people were not for abolishing a good old custom; and the poets, in honour of Bacchus, and to give them satisfaction, resolved to establish the antient chorus, and in such an agreeable manner, that it should be improved by the addition of pleasantry; this was the origin of satires, wherein the chorus mingled the praises of Bacchus.

L. 224. *Functusque sacris, et potus et exlex.*] The three reasons for the invention of something to divert the audience.

1. They offered a sacrifice, in which there was no want of meat and wine. 2. They drank cheerfully at that festival. 3. They were for any thing frolicsome and extravagant.

L. 225. *Verum ita riores, ita commendare dicaces.*] Tho' on those festivals the people were disorderly, their vicious tastes must not be humoured with impudent satires; they must be half serious to correct those vicious tastes; and half pleasant, to be suited to the festival: it may be objected, how comes it Horace lays down rules for the satyric pieces of the Greeks? of what use could these rules be to the Romans? In answer, Horace prescribed those rules, because the Romans imitated the satyrs, in their Attellanes, as in Diomedes. "There is a third sort of Roman plays, called Attellanes, from Attella, a city in Tuscany, where they began, which in their subject and raillery are entirely like the satyric pieces of the Greeks;" the only difference being, in the latter, satyrs or other ridiculous actors were introduced, as Autolicus, Burris, etc. and in the Attellanes, obscene actors, as Marcus: if Diomedes is not mistaken, his

per-

Conveniet satyros, ita vertere seria ludo,

Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,

Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,

Migret

personae obscenae are the same Horace calls Satyrs; but Vossius pretends it should be read *personae osee*, Oscan or Tuscan actors; obscene persons being rather in the Mimes than in the Attellanes: by what Horace says, it is unquestionable that there were satires, and it is doubtless out of one of them Marcus Victorinus took that verse,

Agite, fugite, quantite satyri.

Perhaps, instead of Tuscan actors, the Romans afterwards introduced satyrs into these Attellanes. This passage, to be clear, should run thus: "In our Attellane plays, we have imitated the satyric tragedies of the Greeks; but tho' the occasions on which they are played be still the same, and the people are not less mad, yet we ought not to conform to their vicious appetites; we should give them some of those rallying and poignant satires, and make them pass, etc. bring them into vogue, commendare."

L. 226. *Ita vertere seria ludo.*] This passage signified turning serious things into gay: playing satyric scenes after tragical as in Greece; and Attellanes after tragedies, as in Rome.

L. 227. *Ne, quicumque deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros.*] Gods, kings, and heroes were represented in the Attellanes, as well as the satyric pieces. Diomedes is therefore mistaken when he says, "Satyric poetry is with the Greeks a theatrical performance, in which the tragic poets have not introduced kings and heroes, but satyrs, to rally and be merry." The principal actor in Euripides' Cyclops is Ulysses.

L. 228. *Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro.*] The Greek poets, when the prize of tragedy was disputed, had commonly four tragedies represented, the last of which was a satyric piece. The four were termed Tetralogy, and were written on the

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 205

To make a god, a hero, or a king.

(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)

Descend

the same subject, as *Ulysses*, *Achilles*, *Orestes*, etc. they had the same name, the heroes of the play: the *Orestiad* of *Eschylus* is so called, to express the four tragedies written on the adventures of *Orestes*. There were also *Tetralogies*, where the four pieces were written on different subjects: we read of a *Tetralogie* of *Euripides*, which consisted of four plays, on so many different fables; as the *Medea*, the *Philoctetes*, the *Dictys*, and the *Reapers*; but those that were on the adventures of the same hero were most esteemed, as being most difficult. In the frogs of *Aristophanes*, *Euripides* bids *Eschylus* rehearse the first prologue of his *Orestiad*. The Romans had no *Tetralogies*: they wrote a tragedy, and an *AtteUane*, on the same hero; the same actor appeared in both; for which reason *Horace* carefully recommends to the poet so to order it, that the hero who was seen decked in gold and purple, *Nuper*, in the first play, the tragedy, might not dwindle in the second, the *AtteUane*, to a comic character. In a word, the hero in the *AtteUane* should keep the middle, between the sublime of tragedy, and the meanness of comedy: the Romans had something like *Tetralogies*, they had three plays acted, one after another, on the same subject; the first a real tragedy; the second the *AtteUane*: the third a satire or exode, a kind of farce of one act; they were all acted in the same clothes, with the same mask, and by the same actors; there were also the *Tabernaria*, tavern-pieces, more decent than the exodes.

Nuper.] This proves, that the same actor played in the *AtteUane*, as played in the tragedy: *Plautus* tells us as much in the prologue to his *Menachmus*, "Hæc urbs Epidamnus est, etc." "This city shall be Epidamnus, during this piece; when we play another, it shall be another city, after the same manner" as we change the band of players; for the same actor is some-

times

Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas,

Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet. 230

Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus :

Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,

Intererit satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

Non ego inornata, et dominantia nomina solum,

Verbaque, Pisones, satyrorum scriptor amabo : 235

Nec

"times a slave, sometimes a merchant, sometimes a young man, sometimes an old one, sometimes a beggar, sometimes a king," etc. St. Jerome has a fine comparison on this changing of our parts in the scene of life.

L. 229. Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.] The Tabernaria were so called, because there were taverns on the stage: Festus says of them, "Viris excellentibus hospites par-mixti, ut sunt plagiarii servi cauponae." People of quality were jumbled in them with the rabble. The dialogue was low. Vossius pretends Plautus' *Amphytrion* is one of these pieces, in which neither gods nor heroes were ever introduced; for Horace says, the hero of the *Attellane* ought not to imitate the vulgar language of the tavern piece.

L. 231. Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus.] Horace speaks of the *Attellane*, which was in such esteem, that those who played in it were not ranked with the comedians; when they played ill they were not obliged to unmask on the stage, as the others were: they did not lose their pay, and were allowed to lift in the armies; wherefore mean and low verses were unworthy so grave and honourable a poem as the *Attellane*.

L. 232. Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus.] An admirable description of the characters of the satyrs introduced in these *At-*

tel-

Descend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor, to avoid such meanness, soaring high
With empty sound, and airy notions fly ;
For, tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would, to dance with girls :
You must not think that a satyric stile
Allows of scandalous and brutish words,

Or

tellanes ; they should not be sawcy and impudent like common satyrs, nor solemn and reserved like Stoics, but gay and pleasant : in a word, an Attellane should imitate a modest woman, who does not make profession of dancing, yet dances on festival days, in obedience to religion and custom. Euripides' satires in the Cyclop are just such as Horace describes them, and keep the mean he recommends.

[*Matrona moveri iussa.*] Young women were commonly chosen for the dances in honour of the gods. Married women danced on the feast of the great goddess, by order of the pontiffs ; wherefore Horace uses the word *iussa*.

[L. 234. *Non ego inornata, et dominantia nomina solum, verbaque.*] A poet who writes Attellanes should not neglect his stile, nor give every thing its name without a turn : "*Dominantia verba, proper names ;*" he calls them *reigning*, because they are properly masters of the things they signify ; the Greeks termed them *Kópeu, masters*. In Euripides' Cyclop, Silenus, speaking to Ulysses and his companions, says, " Now you have got young Helen again, have not you all caressed her a little, since she loves so much to change her husband ?" which is modest for a Silenus in his cups : Horace would correct the licentiousness of the satyric pieces of his time.

[L. 235. *Satyrorum scriptor.*] If I were to write satires for satyric pieces,

L. 236.

Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
 Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, et audax
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni,
 Ex noto fictum carmen sequar : ut sibi quisvis 340
 Speret idem ; sudet multum, frustraue labore
 Ausus idem. tantum series juncturaque pollet :
 Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.

Silvis

L. 236. Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori.] The satyric pieces should keep the exact mean between the tragic and the comic stile ; but the poet should not be always so afraid of the tragic, as to make Silenus, in an Attellane, talk like a footman in a comedy : Silenus is a person who may speak nobly, as he does in Euripides' Cyclop.

Tragico colori.] He takes the metaphor from painting, and calls the different stiles, colours ; the colouring of tragedy must be preserved in the Attellane.

L. 237. Davusne loquatur, et audax Pythias.] Davus is a footman in Menander's and Terence's comedies. Pythias : servant maid in a comedy of Lucilius, who cheated old Simon of his money. Horace, speaking of the comic stile, uses a comic term, *emuncto Simone* ; *emungere* is in the low stile, *off causari* "argento fener."

L. 239. An custos famulusque dei Silenus.] All the ancients represent Silenus as a wrinkled old man, bald, and flat nos'd, with a long beard ; they make him governor, and foster-father of Bacchus. Orpheus begins his hymn to him thus, "Hear me, thou venerable foster-father of Bacchus."

L. 240. Ex noto fictum carmen sequar.] The Attellane poets, as well as the comic, invented their subject as they pleased. Ho-

race

Or the confounding of your characters.

Begin with truth, then give invention scope,

And if your stile be natural and smooth,

All men will try, and hope to write as well;

And, not without much pains, be undeceiv'd.

So much good method and connection may

Improve the common and the plainest things.

A fa-

race condemns this practice, and says, he would take the subject of his Attellane, as well as his tragedy, from some known story, as there ought to be no difference in this between a tragedy and an Attellane. Euripides took the story of his Cyclop from the Odysses.

L. 241. *Ut sibi quis speret idem; sudet multum, frustra que laborat.*] It is difficult to observe nature and verisimilitude in invented stories; "*difficile est proprie communia dicere.*" The subject, taken from a known story, appears so natural, that every one believes he could do as much himself.

L. 242. *Tantum series juncturaque pollet.*] Horace is talking of the disposition of the subject, and affirms, that when a subject taken from a known story, such as Ulysses, Orestes, etc. is well concerted, and well adjusted, it deceives all the world, who think nothing so easy; whereas in truth, as Quintilian says of eloquence, nothing is harder, than what every one imagines he could have done himself; the poet invents incidents, but applies them to a known story; of which he makes one probable whole, by that ingenious connection Horace calls *juncturam*.

L. 243. *Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.*] So many charms are there in known subjects. "*De medio sumta,*" subjects that are in every one's hands, such as the adventures of Ulysses, of one of which Euripides formed the story of his Cyclop.

O

L. 244.

Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, fauni,

Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses, 243

Aut nimium teneris juvenentur verbis unquam,

Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta.

Offendentur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et res ;

Nec,

L. 244. Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, fauni.] The poets of his time were apt to forget, that the satyrs and fauns were the inhabitants of the woods.

L. 245. Nec velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses, aut nimium.] The two extremities he recommends to them to avoid, not to make their satyrs too polite, nor too rude ; politeness and brutality reign in cities, in the country simplicity, which is the mean between brutality and politeness.

L. 246. Nimium teneris juvenentur verbis.] Horace has coined the word *juvenari*, to express the Greek word *νεανισκίζειν*, "juvenescere, to grow young." Satyrs should not say things too soft and tender ; such as young men say in cities when they make love ; this would be too polite for them : Euripides has fallen into this fault in his Cyclop, where the chorus says between the third and fourth acts :

Happy the man who gives a loose to joy,
Near the pure spring where grows the lovely vine,
And in his bosom hugs a beauteous nymph,
Happy the man, with essences perfum'd,
That in his arms a charming maid enfolds,
As soft and wanton as she's fair.

All Euripides' care to mix some savage words here and there, as *ὑπὸ τῶν ἀγκυλῶν*, "to hug under his arm-pits," does not take so much off of its politeness, but that it is still too affected for a satyr.

L. 247. Aut immunda crepent.] They must not talk obscenely,

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 211

A satyr, that comes staring from the woods,
Must not at first speak like an orator ;
But, though his language should not be refin'd,
It must not be obscene, and impudent ;
The better sort abhors scurrility,

And
scenely, like town rakes: Euripides' satyrs are very modest,
Virgil has also observed this precept, in his sixth eclogue, where
he makes Silenus say,

Carmina, quae vultis ; cognoscite : carmina vobis,
Huic aliud mercedis erit.

" Hear the verse you ask of me, the verses are for you ; and for
" her, the nymph Aegle, she shall have another reward." A
wanton thing cannot be said with more modesty. Where there
is not this decency, the pieces are Mimes, and no Attellanes.
Cicero writes to Papyrius, who had rallied him a little too cyni-
cally, " I now come to your raillery, wherein, after the poet
" Accius' Oenomaus, you have played not the true Attellane, as
" was heretofore the custom, but the true Mime, as is the custom
" now-a-days." This passage in the ninth book, epistle the
sixteenth, has been ill interpreted. Cicero complains that the
poets of his time, in their Attellane pieces, fell into the obscenity
of the Mimes. The civil war had introduced this abuse, which
Horace would have reformed.

Ignominiosaque dicta.] I have rendered it *rude affronts*. Sa-
tyrs should not be guilty of the foul language which is in towns,
Euripides' satyrs say nothing rude to Ulysses.

L. 248. Quibus est equus, et pater, et res.] " Quibus est equus,
" Those who have a horse kept at the public expence ;" the
knights. " Quibus est pater, Those who have fathers ;" the
nobles, the Patricians. " Quibus est res, Those that have
" wealth," and are neither knights nor nobles.

Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
 Aequis accipiunt animis, donantve corona. 250
 Syllaba longa brevi subiecta, vocatur iambus,
 Pes citus : unde etiam trimetris adcrefcere juffit
 Nomen iambeis, cum fenos redderit ictus,
 Primus ad extremum fimilis fibi. non ita pridem,
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures, 255
 Spondeos ftabiles in jura paterna recepit
 Commodus et patiens ; non ut de fede fecunda

Cederet

L. 249. Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor.]
 He who buys fried peafe, or fried nuts ; meaning the populace,
 who used to buy them at Rome.

L. 251. Syllaba longa brevi subiecta.] He comes now to
 fpeak of the verfe of tragedy. He had given a hint of it in the
 250th verfe.

L. 252. Pes citus.] The iambic is one fhort, and one long ;
 the fhort foot being firft occafions its fwiftness. Terentianus has
 thus explained it in iambic verfe.

Adefto iambe praepes et tui tenax

Vigoris, adde concitum celer pedem.

Unde etiam trimetris adcrefcere juffit nomen iambeis, cum
 fenos.] Though the iambic verfe confifts of fix feet, yet it is
 called Trimetre, on account of its fwiftness ; two feet being
 joined together in fcaning it. The fhort feet make it fo eafy.
 Thus, inftead of meafuring this verfe into fix feet,

Adef || t'iam || be prae || pes et || tui || tenax.
 it it meafured into three,

Adef' iam || be praepes et || tui tenax. ||

Jugatis

And often censures what the rabble likes.

Un-

Jugatis per dipodiam binis pedibus ter feritur. Victorinus.

L. 254. Primus ad extremum similis sibi.] The first iambic was equal and alike from one end to the other; that is, it was all composed of iambs, without the mixture of any other foot.

L. 255. Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures.] The poets mingled spondees to correct the swiftness of iambs, as more agreeable to the gravity and majesty of tragedy.

L. 256. Spondeos stabiles.] He calls them *stable*, as consisting of two long feet, a support to one another, whereas the iambic limps.

L. 257. Non ut de sede secunda crederet aut quarta socialiter.] The iambic only yields to the spondee the odd places in tragedy, as the first, third, and fifth foot. Terentianus has very well explained this in his little treatise.

At qui cothurnis regios actus levant, etc.

" But those who take the buskins to represent the adventures of
 " kings, that their stile may the better answer their royal pomp,
 " make use of majestic sounds, but keep however this law in-
 " violable; let the second, fourth, and last foot be iambic."

Cederet aut quarta socialiter. hic et in Acci

Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni.

In scenam missus magno cum pondere versus, 260

Aut operae celeris nimium, curaque carentis,

Aut ignoratae premit artis crimine turpi ;

Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex :

Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.

Idcircone

This mixture renders the verse more noble. It is still the Trimeter measure, the second foot being an iambic. The comic poets, to disguise their verse, and bring it near to common discourse, invented the tragic order, and put spondees in the even places, where the tragic poets admit of the iambic only; were there no other difference but this of number, it would give the ancients a great advantage over us, who have but one sort of verse for comedy and tragedy. Though the words are different, the numbers are the same. Mr. Dacier is speaking of his countrymen the French; the English have never, or very seldom, observed measure in their comedies, which are written in prose, their tragedies in verse: and in this difference the ancients have not the same advantage over the English poets, as they have over the French.

L. 258. Socialiter.] As associates, to whom every thing is in common.

L. 259. Hic et in Acci nobilibus trimetris, apparet rarus, et Enni.] It is ridiculous to think *hic* here means the pure iambic, and that Horace would praise Accius and Ennius for making use of it; the pure iambic being condemned in tragedy. He blames Ennius and Accius for neglecting the mixture of spondees and iambs, and making hard and heavy verses, by ill placing the spondees, or putting in too many of them. *Nobilibus trimetris,*

DE ARTE POETICA.
OF THE ART OF POETRY. 215

Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;

But

is an irony, in my opinion. Vossius is mistaken in construing *bic* here to be *bic loci*.

L. 260. In scenam missus magno cum pondere versus.] Hein-
sius did not understand the meaning of this passage. Instead of
missus, we must read *missus*, according to Theodorus Marcilius'
correction. Horace continues to censure Ennius and Accius, and
says that their verses "pushed upon the stage with great weight."
Their verses were full of spondees, which made them so heavy
they could not walk of themselves, and were pushed on.

L. 262. Premit artis crimine tui.] Servius on the fifth
book of the Aeneis, quotes this verse out of Horace,

Nec tanta in metris venia conceditur uti.

"It is not permitted to take so much liberty in verses." If Ser-
vius is not mistaken, this verse may follow immediately after *aut*
ignoratas, etc. and we may thence infer, that this piece of the
art of poetry is not entire, but that several verses are lost. I do
not, however, think this verse is Horace's.

L. 263. Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex.] Every
one does not understand the number and cadence of verse, and the
poets therefore meet with a foolish indulgence. He means, Acci-
us, Ennius, and others, acquired their reputation at a cheap rate,
the world being more kind than just to them.

Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes 265
 Visuros peccata putem mea; tutus, et intra
 Spem veniae cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
 Non laudem merui. vos exemplaria Graeca
 Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
 At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et 270
 Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
 Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego et vos

Scimus

L. 265. Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter?] Indulgence makes poets negligent; *vagari*, to write at a venture, to put a spondee in the second foot as well as the first.

L. 266. Tutus, et intra spem veniae cautus?] It signifies, word for word, "By securing myself, and taking precautions, "without expecting a pardon;" the word *intra* always denotes, that we remain on this side. Florus says, that the action of Horatius, who killed his sister, "*intra gloriam fuit*," was without glory.

L. 267. Vitavi denique culpam, non laudem merui.] He who writes regularly avoids blame, but does not deserve praise. A man must do more than not be guilty of faults to merit applause.

L. 268. Vos exemplaria Graeca nocturna versate manu.] Horace does not propose the reading the ancients to such as are contented with avoiding faults only, but to those who aim at perfection, which is no where to be found, except in the Greek authors. Thus Terentianus,

Maurus item quantos potui cognoscere Graecos? etc.

"How much might I, who am an African, have learned of the Greeks? In the study of whom consists particularly the
 "art

But then, to write at a loose rambling rate,
 In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
 Is such a rash, ill-grounded confidence,
 As men may pardon, but will never praise.
 Consider well the Greek originals,
 Read them by day, and think of them by night.
 But Plautus was admir'd in former time,
 With too much patience, not to call it worse,

His

"art of poetry." Horace recommends the Greek originals, Homer and Plato for the characters and the passions; Sophocles, Euripides, etc. for tragedy; and Aristophanes for comedy.

L. 270. At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et laudavere sales.] Some pretend that Horace, being the son of a freed-man, could not say, "Nostri proavi, our fore-fathers;" and that it should be "vestri proavi, your fore-fathers;" others allege, that speaking of the Romans in general, he might say *our*; whereas, in truth, Horace is not speaking himself, but the Pisos or the Romans, who, upon his saying, "Vos exemplaria Græcæ," answer him, "Why do you turn us over to the Greeks, have not our ancestors recommended Plautus to us for his verse and pleasantry?"

L. 271. Nimium patienter utrumque, ne dicam stulte, mirati.] Horace's reply to the Pisos; "Yes, your ancestors did admire the pleasantry and verse of Plautus, but they were too good-natured in it, not to say too foolish." It is certain, Plautus is by no means nice in his verses, which are for that reason called, "Numeros innumeros, numbers without numbers," in the epitaph he made on himself. It is certain also, that his pleasantry is often too flat, mean, and extravagant, as it is sometimes too delicate and fine. Cicero proposes him as a pattern for

railery

Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,

Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus, et aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camenæ 275

Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,

Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sacribus ora,

Post

railery. Horace does not here oppose Cicero's judgment in this particular, but condemns the ignorance of those who thought Plautus excelled alike in every thing. Mrs. Dacier has handled this matter in her preface to three of Plautus' comedies.

L. 274. Legitimumque sonum.] He call a regular measure and harmony, a lawful sound. He has said elsewhere, *Legitimum poema*.

Digitis callemus, et aure.] Those who have a nice and delicate ear, when they hear good verse, beat time with their fingers or feet, like musicians. Terentianus, "Quam pollicis sonare, etc." The masters of the art are wont to mark the cadence by striking with the foot or finger." The beating time with the foot is most ancient; that with the hand was not known in Juvenal's time. For, says his commentator on that verse of his, "Audiat ille testarum crepitus, They beat time with shells, like our Castanets, when the Pantomimes danced; the masters of the chorus not beating then with their hands."

L. 275. Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camenæ dicitur.] Having treated fully of tragedy, he comes in the next place to comedy, which was a long time comprized under the general name of tragedy. There were several tragic and comic poets before Thespis, but because he was the first that made alterations of the drama, and reduced it to form, he is looked upon as the inventor of dramatic poetry; tragedy before Thespis' time was only a parcel of

talks

His harsh, unequal verse, was music then,
And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the tragic muse,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
Where ghastly faces, stain'd with lees of wine,
Frighted the children, and amus'd the croud;

This

tales in a comic stile, mingled with the songs of a chorus in the praise of Bacchus. Plato writes in his *Minos*, "Tragedy is very antient, it was not begun by Thespis and Phrynichus," etc.

L. 276. Et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis, quae canerent agerentque peruncti facibus ora.] Some learned men have imagined Horace is speaking only of the alterations Thespis made in the antient tragedy. The first is his carrying his actors about in a cart, whereas they before this sung any where, and any how, as it happened. The other is his smearing of them with lees of wine, whereas before they played without doing any thing to their faces. The chief alteration of all is omitted by these commentators, which is Thespis' throwing in an actor among the chorus, to ease them, and give them a breathing time; which actor rehearsed an adventure of some illustrious person, which rehearsal and adventure gave rise to the fable and persons of the drama; wherefore he says, "quae canerent agerentque." They sung and acted; they sung the chorus, they acted the actor. This addition of one actor was doubtless very entertaining to the people, who before had been only used to hear the chorus. See the fourth chapter of Aristotle's art of poetry. These actors playing in a cart a sort of droll pieces, full of scandal, gave occasion to a Greek proverb, "He talks in a cart;" for, he rails, he affronts.

L. 278.

Post hunc personae pallaeque repertor honestae
 Aeschylus, et modicis infravit pulpita tignis,
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno. 280
 Successit vetus his comoedia, non sine multa
 Laude : sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim

Dignam

L. 278. Post hunc personae pallaeque repertor honestae Aeschylus.] Thespis' alterations put Eschylus upon making more considerable ones. He brought out his actors with vizards; for *personae* here is a *vizard*, and not a *person*. He dressed them in robes with trains; he put the buskin on them, and instead of a cart built a stage for them, changing the stile from burlesque to grave and serious. I wonder Horace makes no mention of further alterations of his of greater consequence; for Aristotle tells us, he added another actor to Thespis', that he lessened the songs of the chorus, and invented a principal part. It is strange that Horace should not mention that improvement, and as strange that Aristotle does not mention these alterations of Horace, in Eschylus' pieces, from those of Thespis. The poet is less excusable than the philosopher, for that the latter speaks of the most important.

Pallaeque.] What Laestius calls *σαλβη*, a robe with a train.

L. 279. Infravit pulpita tignis.] *Pulpitum*, the stage.

L. 281. Successit vetus his comoedia.] Heinsius pretends these four verses should come after the 250th, where Horace speaks of satires, to which he affirms the old comedy succeeded. But this is their true place. Where Horace says, the old comedy succeeded Thespis' and Eschylus' plays, he does not mean that there were no tragic poets after them, nor would he have it understood, that the old comedy owed its origin to tragedy. His design is to shew us that comedy was cultivated, after tragedy had arrived to a degree of perfection, which is also Aristotle's opinion. "Co-

medy,

This Aeschylus, with indignation, saw,
And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
Brought vizards in, a civiller disguise,
And taught men how to speak, and how to act.

Next comedy appear'd with great applause,
Till her licentious and abusive tongue

Waken'd

"comedy, says he, was not cultivated from the beginning, as tragedy was," etc. After the grave and serious part of the first tragedies was separated from the comic, the poets stuck to the former, and neglected the latter. After tragedy was arrived at perfection, the poets began to cultivate comedy even in Aeschylus' time, as did Chionides, Magnes, and Phormus, with success. And soon after Aeschylus' death, comedy also arrived to perfection in the works of Cratinus, Plato, Epicharmes, Crates, Eupolis, Aristophanes, who were contemporaries. Wherefore Horace had reason to say, "*Successit vetus his comoedia.*" Marcus Antoninus tells us in the eleventh book, "After tragedy the old comedy appeared." Does Marcus Antoninus mean the satyric tragedy? It would be ridiculous to suppose it. For it is easy to prove, that the old comedy came before the satyric pieces. Monsieur Boileau in his poetry speaks of this matter,

To the success of the first tragic show,
Th' old comedy in Greece its birth did owe.

He means, as Horace does, comedy was cultivated after tragedy was perfect.

L. 282. *Sed in vitium libertas exiit.*] The old comedy was of two sorts; that which was properly so called, in which was no fable, the poets reproved vice openly, and spared neither citizens nor magistrates, whose names, and even the likeness of their faces, they brought on the stage. But when Lyfander had made himself master of Athens, and changed the government from a

de-

Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta, chorusque
 Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetae, 285
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Graeca
 Ausi deferere, et celebrare domestica facta,
 Vel qui praetextas, vel qui docuere togatas.

Nec

democracy into an aristocracy, putting it into the hands of the thirty tyrants, such a liberty, which was not compatible with tyranny, displeased, and the poets were forbidden to name those whose actions they represented. Fictitious names were then used, but the characters so well painted, that the persons could not be mistaken. This was called the middle comedy, which lasted till Alexander's time, who, having made himself master of Greece, restrained the licentiousness it had, by degrees, come to. This gave rise to the new comedy, being an imitation of common life, with feigned stories and supposititious names. Horace speaks of the last change.

Et vim.] *Vis*, the force; for the sharpness, the scandal.

L. 284. Chorusque turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.] He does not speak of the reformation made in the old comedy. For there was a chorus in the middle; but of the law against the poets of the latter, who being forbidden to fall on the vices of their fellow-citizens, and exposing them personally on the stage, suppressed the chorus, which was applied particularly to that use, as appears in the Parabasis of Aristophanes' choruses, where the poet digresses to talk of himself, or the public; which not being allowed afterwards in the new comedy, there was no chorus in it, as may be seen in Menander's plays. As there is no chorus in Terence's and Plautus' of the same kind with the new comedy, they

Waken'd the magistrates coercive pow'r,
And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted ev'ry way,
And they deserve our praise, whose daring muse
Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit subjects for her verse at home.

Nor

they are purely moral; every thing is feigned, both subjects and names, the flutes filled up the intervals between the acts.

Turpitor obicit.] Shamefully silent, to avoid the punishment inflicted by the new law. Horace looks on this restraint as a sort of disgrace, for *turpiter* does not relate to *nocendi*.

L. 285. *Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ.*] Horace having spoke of the changes that happened in three kinds of Greek comedy, adds, the Latin poets tried all three, that is, they take in the gall of the old comedy, and the pleasantry of the middle, in their imitations of the new. The Attellanes had choruses like Aristophanes' comedies.

L. 286. *Vestigia Graeca ausi deferere, et celebrare domestica facta.*] The Latin poets at first translated Greek plays, called *Palliatus* from thence, the subject of the story being Greek; they afterwards invented stories of their own, which Horace terms, "*Domestica facta*, domestic adventures."

L. 288. *Vel qui praetextas, vel qui docuere togatas.*] One of the most difficult passages in Horace; and the main difficulty consists in knowing, whether Horace does not mean tragedy by *praetextas*, and comedy by *togatas*; or whether he speaks only of the different kinds of comedy, which last is the only true interpretation. Festus writes, "*Togatarum duplex est genus, praetextarum hominum fastigia quae sic appellantur, quod togis praetextis respublicam administrarent; Tabernarium, quia hominibus*"

Nec virtute foret clarifve potentius armis,
 Quam lingua, Latium, fi non offenderet unum. 290
 quemque poetarum limae labor, et mora. vos, o

Pompilius

"bus excellentibus etiam humiles permixti." *Togata* is the genus which comprehends the two kinds of Roman comedies; *praetexta* is one of the species comprehended under the genus, wherefore they are here *togatae*, and consequently comedies and not tragedies; since tragedies were never called *togatae*. As the comedies, whose stories were taken from the Greek, were called *palliatæ*; so the comedies, whose stories were Roman, were called *togatae*: a general name given those Roman plays, because the *toga* was the habit of the Romans, as the *pallium* was that of the Greeks. There were two kinds of this *togatae*, and these two kinds subdivided into two other, each of which had a name given it according to its subject and actors. Those comedies, whose subjects were grave, and their actors represented the chief person in the state, were called *praetextae*, from the habit *praetexta* wore by the magistrates, the robe edged with purple; those that were less grave, and represented inferior persons, were termed *togatae*. Melissus invented a third sort, *Trabeatae*, from their representing soldiers and knights, whose habit was called *Trabea*. The comedies below these, representing the actions of the meaner people, were termed *tabernaria*. There are none of these plays extant, neither the *praetextae* nor *togatae*. There were poets for each kind, as Afranius Titinius and Quintus Atta, who wrote *togatas*; and Pacuvius and Accius, who wrote the *praetextae*. The former were reckoned true comic poets, as Horace says in the first epistle of the second book.

Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro.

He afterwards places Atta among the comic poets. Pacuvius and Accius wrote the plays called *praetextae*, comedies of a more serious cast. The two latter have been stiled tragic poets, "Tragedians."

Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;
But that the time and care, that are requir'd

To

"gaediae scriptores Accius atque Pacuvius clarissimi;" and consequently these Praetextae have been thought to be tragedies; but they were not called tragic poets for their Praetextae, but for tragedies written by them. Pacuvius wrote Anchyses, Antiopé, etc. Accius, Achilles, Aegistheus, Alceste, etc. which were real tragedies. The Praetextae pieces of Pacuvius were Paulus, Tunicularia; and Accius', Brutus and Decius. Their names shew they were serious pieces that came very near tragedy; though they were in effect true comedy: they treated of true facts, mixing the gay and the serious together. In a letter of Pollios' to Cicero, book x. we learn, that the quaestor Balbus, a very insolent man, had caused a Praetextae play to be represented at Cadix, the story of which was his journey to Lentulus, to persuade him to embrace Caesar's party; and when he saw it played he wept, being touched at the remembrance of his great actions. "Ludis praetextam de suo itinere ad Lentulum Proconsulem sollicitandum posuit, et quidem cum ageretur flevit, memoria rerum gestarum commotus." These Praetextae pieces had neither the majesty nor dignity of the tragedy.

Docuere.] They teach; a term affected by the poets, who wrote for the stage, and were called *teachers*, διδάσκαλοι, which shews plainly their end was not so much to divert as to instruct.

L. 290. Quam lingua.] By his tongue, that is, by his writings. He speaks particularly of theatrical pieces, and grants, that through the haste and negligence of the comic poets, comedy had never arrived to its perfection. Quintilian says to the same purpose: "In comoedia maxime claudicamus, We are very weak in comedy."

L. 291. Limae labor, et mora.] The trouble of correcting; *limae labor*, answers to *multa litura*, in the second verse after this,

Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
 Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atquē
 Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte 295
 Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas
 Democritus; bona pars non unguēs ponere curat,
 Non barbā: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
 Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,
 Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile, nunquam 300
 Tonfori Licino commiserit. ō ego laevus,
 Qui

this, and the patience to keep a work a long time by one, without publishing it; *mora* to *multa dies*.

L. 293. Carmen reprehendite, quod non multa dies et multa litura.] Horace here passes sentence on an infinite number of writings; for every thing that is not well corrected is condemned as imperfect. Horace was continually correcting his verses, "Scriptorum quæque retexens," Sat. iii. book ii.

L. 294. Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.] A metaphor taken from those that work in marble, in wood, etc. who run their nail over their works, to see whether it is smooth or not; the Greeks called it *ἰξονυχίζον*; upon which there is a fine saying of Polycletes, *Χαλεπώτατον ἐστὶ τὸ ἔργον ὅταν ἐν ὀνυχὶ δακτύλῳ γίνταται*. "The difficultest part of the work is, when there is nothing to be done but to run the nail over it." The Greeks had a proverb, *ἰξονύχος*, to express a thing being perfect; "It has past the nail."

L. 295. Ingenium misera, quia fortunatius arte.] Democri-

To overlook, and file, and polish well,

Fright poets from that necessary toil.

Democritus was so in love with wit,

And some mens natural impulse to write,

That he despis'd the help of art and rules,

And thought none poets till their brains were crack'd;

And this hath so intoxicated some,

That, to appear incorrigibly mad,

They cleanliness, and company, renounce

For lunacy beyond the cure of art,

With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,

Pass current for Apollo's livery.

O my

was maintained that art was useless in poetry, and that it should come all from fury and enthusiasm. Cicero in the first book *de divinatione*, "Negat enim sine furore Democritus quemquam poetam magnum esse posse." Socrates is of the same opinion in Ion. This being mistaken, abundance of people in Horace's time affected a slovenly air and retirement, to be thought poets. "Miserable arte.] A miserable art, in Democritus' sense.

L. 299. Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ.] Horace says it with indignation, in as much as ill poets ran away with the reputation and reward, only due to the great ones.

L. 300. Si tribus Anticyris.] Strabo mentions but two Anticyres, where hellebore grew. Horace makes three, to give the greater idea of the madness he speaks of, not to be cured by the hellebore of three Anticyres, if there had been so many.

L. 301. Tonfori Licino.] Licinus, a famous barber, whom
P 2 Augustus

Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam !

Non alius faceret meliora poemata : verum

Nil tanti est. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum

Reddere quae ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi : 305

Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo ;

Unde parentur opes ; quid alat formetque poetam ;

Quid deceat, quid non ; quo virtus, quo ferat error.

Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.

Rem

Augustus made a senator, for his hatred to Pompey. This epitaph was made on him,

Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet, at Cato nullo,

Pompeius parvo. Quis putet esse deos ?

“ Licinus has a stately marble tomb, Cato none, Pompey but a little one. Who can after this believe there are gods ? ”

L. 302. O ego laevus, qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam.] Horace says, Since madness makes a poet, who would be such a fool as to get cured of his choler in spring-time, when it is like to work most upon him, and make the better poet of him ? *Purgo bilem* is the true reading, it is an Atticism ; it must not be *purgo bilem*.

L. 303. Non alius faceret meliora poemata.] No man was more cholerick than he.

Verum

O my unhappy stars ! if in the spring
Some phyfic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;

But I am satisfy'd to keep my sence,
And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.

Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well:

And

Verum nil tanta est.] It is not worth while, I will not be
mad to be a poet.

L. 304. *Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum reddere quae ferrum
valet.*] Plutarch quotes a saying of Isocrates, who being asked,
how without eloquence he could make others eloquent, replied,
"Whetstones do not cut themselves, but they make iron cut." Horace means, he wrote neither dramatic nor epic poetry, and
therefore did not look upon himself as a poet. See the eleventh
verse.

L. 306. *Nil scribens ipse.*] He wrote nothing in the great poetry.

L. 307. *Opes.*] The riches of poetry.

Quid alat formetque poetam.] That which forms and feeds
a poet. Horace here joins nature with art: form, presupposes
nature; feed, art.

L. 300. *Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.*] He

Rem tibi Socraticae poterunt ostendere chartae: 310

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

Qui didicit patriae quid debeat, et quid amicis,

Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes,

Quid sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium, quae

Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto 315

Reddere personae scit convenientia cuique.

Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo

Doctum

upbraids the fools who take madness for poetry, saying, Good sense makes a poet, and no man can write without it.

L. 310. Rem tibi Socraticae poterunt ostendere chartae.] Having said, that good sense is necessary, he now tells them where it is to be found; in Socrates' philosophy, the academic philosopher, who alone enlightens the mind, and teaches ethics better than all the rest of the philosophers. Piso, on the fifth book *de finibus*, makes a very fine encomium on the ancient academic philosophy, which comprehended Aristotle, and the peripatetics. "Ad eos igitur, etc. I pray you therefore give yourself to them, for all fine learning, all history, all polite language, are to be taken out of their writings; in which there is so great a variety of arts, that without their help it is difficult to succeed well in any thing considerable. By these are orators, generals, and magistrates formed; and out of this school come mathematicians, poets, musicians, and physicians." Horace confines himself particularly to ethics, which Socrates handled better than any other philosopher; and nothing is more necessary to a poet than moral philosophy in forming his characters. "Socraticae chartae,

And when philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
And what we owe to country, parents, friends,
How judges, and how senators should act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Those are the likest copies, which are drawn

By

"chartae, Socrates' papers." In the twenty-first ode of the third book, "*Socratici sermones, Socrates' treatises.*"

L. 311. *Verbaque provisa rem non invita sequentur.*] When a poet has a good conception of things, he will not want expression; as Cicero, in the third book *de finibus*, "Things drag words after them."

L. 312. *Qui didicit patriae quid debeat, et quid amicis.*] Ethics take in all the duties of mankind; of which he who is ignorant can form no just characters in poetry.

L. 314. *Quid sit conscripti, quod judicis officium.*] The senators were called *conscript fathers*: *conscripti* of a senator, *judicis* of a judge; whether a pretor, or arbitrator confirmed by the pretor.

L. 316. *Reddere personae scit convenientia cuique.*] Each actor must have manners agreeable to the character; a general must not talk like a centinel, a god like a citizen, a senator like a country justice.

L. 317. *Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo doctum imitatore.*] By this model of life and manners Horace designs

Doctum imitorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte

Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte, 320

Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,

Quam

nature, the only original of all the different manners we see on the stage of the world; wherefore a skilful imitator, a good poet, when he introduces a miser or cheat, and the like, does not mind what such-a-one, and such-a-one do, of whom he has an idea; but what they ought to do, what nature would have them to do: he paints after nature, and not after a particular person, who is often but an imperfect and confused copy.

Doctum imitorem.] Imitator, for poet; poetry being an imitation only, as Aristotle has shewn in his art of poetry.

L. 318. Et veras hinc ducere voces.] Both poetry and painting are pure imitations. A painter who draws a beautiful woman, after the most beautiful life, cannot pretend to draw a true picture of beauty, for his piece is only a copy of another piece, an imitation of an image, and not of the truth, as Plato says, his strokes are not "*verae lineae*," but "*lineae simulatae*," "*adumbratae*;" he has not consulted the true original. It is the same in poetry; if a poet would represent a miser, and paints only the avarice of such or such a particular person, he will take the shadow for the substance, the image for the truth; he must cast his eyes upon nature, and contemplate her idea of avarice, which is the true original. Horace therefore says, "*veras hinc ducere voces*," To draw from thence true expressions. If the whole beauty of this passage had been well understood, *veras*, *true*, would not have been changed into *vivas*, *living*; Horace explains Aristotle's rule in the fifteenth chapter of his art of poetry, rather to form characters after nature than after particulars: in the latter we may find what choler has done, in nature what choler

By the original of human life.

Sometimes in rough and undigested plays,

We meet with such a lucky character,

As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,

Succeeds much better, than the shallow verse

And

choler ought and might probably do, which embellishes the character, and preserves the likeness.

L. 319. *Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte fabula.*] A subject where the sentiments are fine, and the manners well distinguished, tho' the conduct be otherwise bad, and it has neither grace nor art, will always succeed better than a subject where the verse is fine, if the sentiments and manners are not good. Horace is speaking of comedy; in tragedy it is not the same; the manners and sentiments are not so necessary there, as the disposition of the subject; tragedy may subsist without the manners, but not without the action.

Speciosa locis.] And not *speciosa jocos*; for comedy cannot be *speciosa*, fine, for its *jest*s, *jocos*, which render it *jucundum*, pleasant; but it is *speciosa locis*, a term used by philosophers and rhetoricians, instead of that we call the common places of philosophy; the places from whence every thing is taken that may be said on a subject. Cicero calls them *argumentorum sedes*. How could Horace write *speciosa jocos*, when he adds, "nullius veneris, without any grace?"

L. 320. *Nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte.*] "Nullius veneris, without the graces," which ought to be the companion of comedy: "sine pondere, without the verse; sine arte, without art," without conduct, without the disposition of the subject. Horace uses the word *art* for the manners and characters, in the first epistle of the second book.

L. 321. *Moratur.*] Stops, amuses, detains, hinders his going out at the first act.

L. 322.

Quam versus inopes rerum nugaeque canorae.

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo.

Musa loqui, praeter laudem nullius avaris.

Romani pueri longis rationibus assem 325

Discunt in partes centum diducere. dicat

Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est

Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse, triens. Eu!

Rem poteris servare tuam. redit uncia: quid fit?

Semis. ad haec animos aerugo et cura peculi 330

Cum

L. 322. Quam versus inopes rerum nugaeque canorae.] He calls such poor verses, harmonious trifles, for having neither manners, nor sentiments; they amuse the ear, but speak not to the heart.

L. 323. Graius ingenium.] Horace always refers the poets to the Greeks.

Ore rotundo.] A way of speaking in Greek, to express a fluency of speech, a round mouth, as Demetrius Phalereus has it; the Athenians were masters of the freedom and grace of expression, which this phrase denotes.

L. 324. Praeter laudem nullius avaris.] He means the Greeks were greedy of praise, and to their love of praise he attributes their superiority in the arts over the Romans, who loved money better.

L. 326.

And chiming trifles of more studious pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,

For her ambition and her end was fame.

Our Roman youth is bred another way,

And taught no arts but those of usury;

And the glad father glories in his child,

When he can subdivide a fraction:

Can souls; who by their parents from their birth

Have been devoted thus to rust and gain,

Be capable of high and gen'rous thoughts?

Can verses writ by such an author live?

But you, brave youth, wise Numa's worthy heir,

Re-

L. 326. *Assem discunt in partes centum diducere.*] They learn to subdivide a penny, the Roman *as*, into a hundred parts, not to lose a day's interest of a penny.

L. 327. *Filius Albini.*] Albinus a man of quality, and a noted usurer; all the education he gave his son, was to cast accounts well: Horace takes him to task and examines him, as if he had been his arithmetic master.

L. 328. *Poteras dixisse.*] The phrase of a master angry, that his scholar is so long answering his question.

Triens.] The scholar answers, Take away one ounce out of five there remains the third part of a pound, or as we say four ounces.

L. 331.

Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi

Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetae;

Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae.

Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta 335

Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris:

Nec

L. 331. *Speramus carmina fingi posse linenda cedro.*] The booksellers, to preserve their good books, rubbed them with cedar juice, called *cedrium*. Vetruius, in the eleventh chapter of the second book, "From cedar is taken an essence called "*cedrium*, which has a preserving quality; and books that are "rubbed with it are not apt to grow mouldy or worm-eaten." Pliny tells us, that the rubbing Numa's books with it kept them undamnified 500 years under ground. Dioscorides says, there is a virtue in cedar that will preserve dead bodies.

L. 332. *Et levi servanda cupresso.*] They did not only rub books with cedar oil, but they kept them in cypress cases, which have the same virtue as cedar.

L. 333. *Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetae.*] Horace does not speak here of the different works of poets, but of the different qualities of the same work, and the different views of the poets, who would either instruct or please, or do both. Horace declares very justly for the latter; he is talking still of comedy.

L. 335. *Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis.*] Those who would in-

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 237

Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

A poet should instruct, or please, or both ;
Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
And faithful memories retain them long ;
For superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your parts,

To

instruct should be short, that their instruction may be easily comprehended and retained.

L. 337. *Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*] A metaphor taken from a vessel that is full, and can receive no more, all that is poured there afterwards is spilt. It is thus in instructive discourses, all that is over and above runs off and makes no impression.

L. 338. *Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.*] A rule for those that would please, never to err against probability: recourse may sometimes be had to the gods, to whom all things are possible, in instructive things ; but in those that are intended to divert, nothing must look miraculous or incredible. It is observable how Horace expresses himself, speaking of the subjects of comedy: he says, *ſcena*, because the subjects of the new comedy are always feigned, whereas those of tragedy are taken from some known story. "A poet, says Plautus, renders that probable which is only a dream."

L. 339.

Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi :

Neu pransae Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo. 340

Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis :

Celsi praetereunt austeram poemata Rhamnes.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hic meret aera liber Sosis; hic et mare transit, 345

Et longum noto scriptori prorogat aevum.

Sunt

L. 339. Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi.] A poet should not only avoid what is monstrous and extravagant, but should offer nothing but what is credible. I am satisfied this verse ought to be rendered word for word, "That a comic subject does not require we should trust it with what it pleases." A poet must not hazard all sorts of adventures in comedy, no more than in tragedy: he must neither in the representation, nor the recital, venture any thing against the rules of probability. The example that follows will make this clear.

L. 340. Neu pransae Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo.] A poet must not expose a *Lamiae*, a monstrous woman who had swallowed a child, which was taken alive out of her belly. Horace, no doubt, alludes to some poet, who had brought this fabulous incident into his play.

L. 341. Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis.] He says old men despised such fictions, as containing nothing instructive. "Centuriae seniorum, The centuries of old men," the bands of old men: for Servius Tullius divided the Roman people into six classes, each class composed of men of the same age, or the same rank, or the same estate; and this was done for the ease of the peoples assemblies in the Comitium. By *Centuriae seniorum*, may

To think your may persuade us what you please,
 Or venture to bring in a child alive,
 That canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
 Old age explodes all but morality;
 Austerity offends aspiring youths;
 But he that joins instructions with delight,
 Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
 These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
 These pass with admiration through the world,
 And bring their author an eternal fame.

Be

may be also understood the Senators, and I rather think it so on account of what follows.

L. 342. *Celsi praetereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.*] As the senators despised useless fictions, so the Equites rejected such as were not pleasant, and to get the applause of both, the pleasant and useful should be joined together. *Celsi Rhamnes*, the Equites. Nothing is more ridiculous than to imagine *celsi* is here for *high*, such as are of great courage, "*excelfo animo Rhamnes*;" that is, *Romani*, from the name of one of the three ancient tribes, into which the people were distributed: the Rhamnenses, the Tatiens, and the Luceres.

Austera poemata.] Dry poems, where the *dulce* is not joined with the *utile*, the pleasant with the profitable.

L. 343. *Omne tulit punctum.*] Alluding to the manner of voting in the Comitium by points.

L. 344. *Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*] Both the pleasant and the profitable must go together, and never be asunder, wherefore he says, *pariter*.

L. 345. *Hic meret aera liber Sotus.*] The Sotuses, famous book-

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus :

Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus
et mens :

Poscentique gravem per saepe remittit acutum ;

Nec semper seriet quodcunque minabitur arcus. 350

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,

Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo ?

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,

Quamvis est monitus, venia caret et citharoedus 355

Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem :

Sic

bookfellers of that time, mentioned in the last epistle of the first book.

L. 347. *Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.*] Tho' a comic poet ought to instruct and divert every where, some faults will be forgiven him, if he does not.

L. 348. *Nam neque chorda sonum.*] A comparison that shews very well of what nature faults must be that are pardonable, they ought to be like those false tones, which a false string, or a string ill struck, sometimes gives ; it makes a dissonance, but such a one as is not perceptible, the other strings, that perfectly accord and give a right tone, drowning it.

L. 350. *Nec semper seriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.*] As the best marksman in the world does not always hit the white, so the best poet does not always succeed.

L. 351. *Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine.*] As no writings can

Be not too rigidly censorious,

A string may jar in the best master's hand,

And the most skilful archer miss his aim ;

But in a poem elegantly writ,

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,

Such as our nature's frailty may excuse ;

But he that hath been often told his fault,

And still persists, is as impertinent,

As a Musician that will always play,

And yet is always out at the same note ;

When

can be pretended to be perfect, so the best are those where the good not only surpasses the bad, but where the bad is very trivial.

L. 352. *Paucis offender maculis, quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana.*] The faults of poets ought to be either little negligences, or mere marks of human frailty ; mankind not being able to take equal care of every thing. Longinus has explained this passage in his thirtieth chapter.

L. 353. *Quid ergo.*] Upon Horace's saying, we should pardon such little negligences : this objection is made to him, or he makes it himself. *Quid ergo ?* What ! must we blame them ? Since one may make any thing pass for a negligence.

L. 354. *Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius.*] *Scriptor librarius*, a bookseller who writes books with his own hand. The faults which ought not to be pardoned, are those that are too common, and always the same. As we do not pardon a transcriber who always errs in the same word.

Q

L. 357.

Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Choerilus ille,

Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror ; et idem

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum. 360

Ut pictura, poesis : erit, quae, si propius stes,

Te

L. 357. Sic mihi qui multum cessat.] He who often falls into those negligences. The Greek proverb says, " It is a sign of a fool to be twice guilty of the same fault."

Fit Choerilus.] The same Choerilus spoken of in the first epistle of the second book.

L. 358. Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror ; et idem.] Horace twice or thrice admires this Choerilus ; he admires him so, that he laughs at him again and again. Two or three fine places in a play do not hinder its being a bad one, if there is nothing else answerable.

L. 359. Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.] When I wonder how Choerilus could come off so well twice or thrice, says Horace, I am in a down-right rage with Homer for sleeping sometimes as he does. Faults are as rare in Homer as beauties in middling authors. How just, how polite is this thought ? and how glad am I that Horace could not, without indignation, see the faults that escaped Homer, whose faults are so few, that there are a thousand good things for every one of them ? none of which are gross and fundamental.

Quandoque for quodcumque quoties indignor.] Quoties, Horace says, I still laugh at Choerilus in admiring him as I have done, twice or thrice ; whereas I always admire Homer, and feel a

sc-

When such a positive abandon'd fop
 (Among his numerous absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
 I fret to see them in such company,
 And wonder by what magic they came there.
 But in long works sleep will sometimes surprize,
 Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of diff'rent sorts,

Some

secret indignation when he happens to sleep. Which shews how much those are mistaken, who would turn this "quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus," into a sort of proverb.

L. 360. Verum opere in longo.] He excuses those faults of Homer, by saying, that in a work of length a man may be allowed to sleep sometimes. See the first chapter of the tenth book of Quintilian.

L. 361. Ut pictura, poesis erit.] Poetry and painting are in some measure like one another, being both imitations; but are different, in as much as they imitate differently. Horace would only shew us, that poetry is in some respects like painting. Aristotle also compares poetry to painting. Here Horace touches upon one of the things that are common to both imitations; which is, that poetry, as well as painting, has its light and point of sight, in which its effect is to be judged of, and if displaced, an ill judgment will be made. Horace might have as well said, poetry is like sculpture, for Statuaries proportion their figures to the places for which they are designed, as well as painters.

Quae, si propius stes.] Horace says, it is in poetry like painting, and as there are pictures which should be seen at a distance, and others near to them, so there are some pieces in poetry that

Q 2

should

Te capiat magis, et quaedam, si longius abstes :

Haec amat obscurum ; volet haec sub luce videri,

Judicis argutum quae non formidat acumen :

Haec placuit semel ; haec decies repetita placebit. 365

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna

Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis ; hoc tibi dictum

Tolle memor : certis medium et tolerabile rebus

Recte concedi : consultus juris, et actor

Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertis 370

Messalae, nec scit quantum Cassellius Aulus ;

Sed

should be looked upon by different lights, and have different points of sight, out of which they lose their grace and regularity. This matter is fully explained by Bossu, in the eighth chapter of the last book of his treatise on epic poetry.

L. 362. Et quaedam, si longius abstes.] The bits and scraps taken out of Homer and Virgil to be ridiculed, are most commonly those that should be seen at a distance, and in a close place, for which they were made. They appear irregular, because misplaced.

L. 363. Haec amat obscurum.] A painter must not place in a full light what was made for a small one ; neither must any part of a poem, which was made for obscurity, be examined by a full light.

L. 365. Haec placuit semel.] As there are some things in painting, designed only to please for a moment, so there are some in

Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some chuse the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye,
Some please for once, some will for ever please.

But, Piso! (though your own experience,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
Remember this as an important truth :
Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Messala's pow'ful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cassellius ;

Yet

in poetry intended only to please, *en passant*. The former made for the eye while it passes to the more laboured part, and the latter for the mind.

L. 371. Diserti Messalae.] The same Messala Corvinus, the famous orator, whom he speaks of in the twenty-first ode of the third book.

Cassellius Aulus.] A Roman knight, one of the most eminent lawyers of that time. A man of great learning, eloquence, and wit. There are several jests of his still remembered in the ancient authors. But, "What, says monsieur Dacier, adds more to his honour than all his wit and learning, is, his having the courage to preserve his liberty, when every one was running into slavery." The Triumvirs, Lepidus, Anthony, and Augustus, could never oblige him to draw up the edict for their proscription ; and it is remarkable, that the French commentator

Sed tamen in pretio est : mediocribus esse poetis

Non homines, non di, non concessere columnae.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,

Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver 375

Offendunt ; poterat duci quia coena sine istis :

Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,

Si paulum summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere

should close his reflections with this observation. " It is glorious to Augustus, that a man so free might be mentioned with applause by a poet of his court."

L. 372. Mediocribus esse poetis.] Mediocrity is not to be endured in poetry ; if it is not excellent, it is wretched.

L. 373. Non homines, non di, non concessere columnae.] Every thing is against this mediocrity ; Men, Gods, and the posts of the booksellers shops. Men reject it ; the Gods, Apollo, Bacchus, and the muses disown it : the posts of the shops, on which they were fixed, bare them with regret. He calls that *columnae* here, which he terms *pila*, in the fourth satire. The old commentator says, they were posts where the poets put up bills of the time and place, where and when they would publicly read their works. But these posts are more likely to be those of the booksellers shops, where their books were fixed for sale : all new books being so fixed. I believe advertisements of things lost were also fixed to them. For Propertius having lost his pocket book, says to his foot-boy. " I, puer, etc. Go presently and fix it on some post, that I would give so much to have my pocket book again, and advertise that thy master lives at the Exquilias, whither it must be brought." Book iv. Eleg. 20.

L. 374.

Yet this indiff'rent lawyer is esteem'd;
 But no authority of gods nor men
 Allow of any mean in poesy.
 As an ill consort, and a coarse perfume,
 Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
 And might with more discretion have been spar'd;
 So poesy, whose end is to delight,
 Admits of no degrees, but must be still
 Sublimely good, or despicably ill.

In

L. 374. *Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors.*] Music, essences, etc. are the joy of a feast; when they are excellent; but when they are bad they spoil it. It is the same in poetry, made for the pleasure and ease of the mind. When it is indifferent, it has a quite contrary effect, being as detestable as discord in music, or bad essences.

L. 375. *Crassum unguentum.*] Thick essences of an ill smell. *Et sardo cum melle papaver.*] White poppy-seed, roasted, was mingled with honey, as Nannius has very well observed. Pliny, in the seventh chapter of the thirtieth book, "Papaveris, etc." "There are three sorts of home poppy, the white, the seed of which roasted, the antients used to serve at the second table, mixed with honey." There was nothing worse than this seed mixed with Sardinian honey, which was very bitter, because of the abundance of bitter herbs in that isle. Virgil in the eighth eclogue, "Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amariar herbis, Let me appear more bitter than Sardinian herbs."

L. 376. *Poterat duci quia coena sine istis.*] As a feast may be good without music and essences, so a man may be worthy and agreeable without making verses.

L. 377. *Juandis.*] To please the mind. To instruct and

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis :
 Indoctusque pilae, discive, trochive, quiescit, 380
 Ne spissae risum tollant inpune coronae :
 Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. quid ni ?
 Liber et ingenuus, praesertim census equestrem
 Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni,
 Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva : 385
 Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens. si quid tamen olim
 Scriperis, in Meti descendat iudicis aures,

Et

inform. *Juvandis* comprehends both, like the Greek word, *ὀψιμαίειν*.

L. 379. *Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis.*] *Ludere*, to do his exercises well, to ride, wrestle, swim, throw the javelin, handle a pike and sword, play at tennis, quoits, etc. which he calls *arma campestra*. The arms of the field of Mars.

L. 380. *Trochive.*] In the twenty-fourth ode of the third book. "Seu Graeco jubeat Trocho."

L. 383. *Liber et ingenuus.*] As if people of quality could know every thing without learning. A false prejudice in their favour, which has prevailed a long time. *Ingenuus*, a man born of a free father. See the sixth satire of the first book.

Census equestrem summam nummorum.] He who is put in the register of the Census, as rich enough to be a knight, about 10000 crowns.

L. 384. *Vitioque remotus ab omni.*] As if being well-bred and

In other things men have some reason left,
 And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
 Despairing of success, forbears to try;
 But all, without consideration, write;
 Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
 Can turn them into poets when they please.
 But, Piso! you are of too quick a sight
 Not to discern which way your talent lies,
 Or vainly struggle with your genius;
 Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
 Let your productions pass the strictest hands,

Mine

and honest, qualified a man to make verses. Horace doubtless had his eyes to some Equites who thought so.

L. 385. *Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva.*] He softens the precepts he has been giving.

L. 386. *Id tibi judicium est, ea mens.*] *Judicium*, the opinion that causes a resolution. *Mens*, what executes it. Horace speaks to the elder Piso, as wanting no instruction.

L. 387. *Scripseris.*] The old commentator says Piso the elder wrote tragedies.

In Meti descendat judicis aures.] Speaking of Spurius Metius Tarpa, a great critic, and one of the judges appointed to examine writings. He mentions him in the tenth satire of the first book. These judges or academicians, founded by Augustus, lasted a long while. Onuphrius Panurius mentions an inscription, by which it appears, that in the reign of Domitian, one L. Valerius Pudens, a native of Tarentum, at about thirteen years of age, obtained the

Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum.

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit

Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti. 390

Silvestres homines facer interpretsque deorum

Caedibus et victu foedo deterruit Orpheus;

Dictus

the prize of poetry, and was crowned by the judgment of the judges. CORONATUS EST INTER PORTAS LATINOS OMNIBUS SENTENTIIS JUDICUM. It is true, this youth was crowned in the quinquennial games, instituted by Domitian in honour of Jupiter Capitolinus, and Mr. Masson has opposed a passage of Suetonius, about those games in opposition to Mr. Dacier's remark on the duration of these judges established by Augustus. But, says the latter, "Do these quinquennial judges instituted by Domitian, prove, there were none appointed before by Augustus? Might they not continue till Domitian's time? and be named by that emperor to preside at those games. Mr. Masson's ill reasoning is a consequence of the error he fell into about this verse of the tenth satire.

----- Haec ego ludo,

Quae nec in aede sonent certantia iudice Tarpa.

"Where he interprets *aede* to be a private house, whereas it must be understood of the temple of Apollo Palatinus."

L. 388. Nonumque prematur in annum.] As Helvius Cinna did. He was a good poet, and an intimate friend of Catullus'. He was nine years revising a poem of his called *Smyrna*.

Smyrna

Mine and your father's, and not see the light,
Till time and care have ripen'd ev'ry line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human pow'r,
Did not, as poets feign, tame savage beasts,
But men as lawless, and as wild as they,

And

*Smyrna mei Cynnae nonam post denique messem
Scripta fuit nonamque edita post Hyemem.*

Isocrates was ten years revising his panegyric. Horace does not however limit the time to nine years; he puts a definite for an indefinite, which depends on the labour and judgment of each author, who may weaken his work by too much correcting it. "Correction, says Quintilian, ought also to have its bounds."

L. 391. *Silvestres homines sacer interpretque deorum.*] I think Heinsius as unhappy here as in his other emendations of the text. What is said in the sequel, is not indeed connected with what goes before; however it is well pursued. Horace fearing he might discourage Piso by what he has been saying of the difficulties in poetry, now speaks of the rewards to those that surmount them, and the honours paid to the first poets, as Orpheus, Amphion, etc.

Sacer interpretque deorum.] He calls Orpheus so, because he was a divine, and instituted the Orgia. Virgil stiles him *Threicius Sacerdos*. The hymns that go under his name, were not made by the ancient Orpheus, who lived in Moses' time, but by one Onomachus, who lived in the time of Pisistratus.

L. 392. *Caedibus et victu foedo deterruit.*] Horace speaks of
an

Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones :

Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,

Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda 395

Ducere quo vellet. fuit hæc sapientia quondam,

Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis ;

Concubitu prohibere vago ; dare jura maritis ;

Oppida moliri ; leges incidere ligno.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque 400

Carminibus

an Orpheus, who was more antient than the expedition of the Argonauts. Palephatus, a very ancient author, assures us, that the fable of Orpheus, who, by his harmony, drew tygers and lions after him, was invented on his softening the minds of the Bacchanalian nymphs, and making them quit the mountains, whither they were fled, and where they had spent several days in tearing sheep to pieces.

L. 394. Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis] Cadmus built Thebes about 1400 years before the birth of our Saviour, and 25 years after it was built, Amphion encompassed it with walls, and built a citadel ; and for that, by his harmony, or according to others, by his eloquence, he persuaded the citizens and peasants, to set their hands to the work ; it was fabled, he raised the citadel and walls with the sound of his lyre, and that the stones leaped of themselves into their proper places.

L. 396. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam, publica privatis secernere.]

And first dissuaded them from rage and blood ;
 Thus when Amphion built the Theban wall,
 They feign'd the stones obey'd his magic lute ;
 Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
 Brought all things to their proper, native use ;
 Some they appropriated to the gods,
 And some to public, some to private ends :
 Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
 Cities were built, and useful laws were made ;
 So antient is the pedigree of verse,
 And so divine a poet's function.

Then

ner.] The first poets were properly philosophers, who made use of poetry the better to insinuate themselves into mens minds, and shew them how to distinguish public and private good, to govern their passions, and manage themselves discreetly in their own affairs, to mind oeconomy, to build cities, and obey the laws.

L. 398. Maritis.] As we say married people, husbands and wives.

L. 399. Leges incidere ligno.] The first laws were written in verse, and in verse Solon begins his laws.

Ligno.] On wooden tables. The Romans engraved theirs on copper-plates.

L. 400. Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus.] Thus poetry and poets acquired so much honour by doing good to mankind, and by correcting their errors.

L. 401.

Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus,
 Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella
 Versibus exacuit. dictae per carmina sortes,
 Et vitae monstrata via est, et gratia regum
 Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus, 405
 Et longorum operum finis : ne forte pudori
 Sit tibi musa lyrae solers, et cantor Apollo.

Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,

Quaesitum

L. 401. Post hos insignis Homerus.] Poetry in the second age took another course, to elevate mens courage, and qualify them to serve their country, it sung the deeds of Heroes. Homer and Tyrtaeus began the second age.

L. 402. Tyrtaeusque.] He was a school-master, little, ugly, limping, and one-eyed; the Athenians gave him by way of derision to the Spartans, who, by order of Pythian Apollo, demanded a general of them, to lead them against the Messenians, which he did, and was beaten by the Messenians in three several battles. This so reduced the Spartans, that they were forced to lift their slaves, and promise them the wives of the slain. The kings of Sparta, discouraged by so many losses, would have returned home, but Tyrtaeus repeating some verses of his at the head of the army, so animated the soldiers, that they fell on the enemy and routed them. Some of these verses are still extant. This was about 680 years before Christ.

L. 403. Dictae per carmina sortes.] Horace places the oracles in the second age of poetry. Aristophanes, with more reason,
 puts

Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial muse
 Waken'd the world, and founded loud alarms.
 To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
 And our best precepts of morality ;
 Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
 (Who, with the muses, ease their weary'd minds)
 Then blush not, noble Piso ! to protect
 What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear

Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
 Others maintain, that nature makes them so ;

I nei-

puts them in the first : oracles being more antient than Homer. Perhaps he means, that the first oracles were delivered in prose, and afterwards in verse only, which is true.

L. 404. *Et vitæ monstrata via est.*] This has reference to physics, and not ethics. Poetry, in the second age, began to explain in verse the secrets of nature. *Vitæ* for *naturæ*. Nature that gives life to all things.

Et gratia regum Pieriis tentata modis.] Poetry then courted the great.

L. 405. *Ludusque repertus, et longorum operum finis.*] He alludes to the tragedies and comedies, played on solemn festivals.

Ne forte pudori.] Which proves Horace wrote this encomium on poetry, to hinder Piso's being shocked at the difficulty of it.

L. 407. *Musa lyrae solers.*] *Lyrae solers* is remarkable ; for I think I have always met with *solers* either alone, or with a verb.

L. 408. *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte quaesitum est.*] He does not forget the grand question, whether poetry comes from

Quaesitum est. ego nec studium sine divite vena,
 Nec rude quid profit video ingenium : alterius sic 410
 Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.
 Qui studit optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer ; sudavit et alsit,
 Abstinent Venere et vino : qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum. 415

Nunc

from nature or art. Horace, to hinder the Pisos trusting wholly to their genius, determines it, that nature and art should always go together. Nature, it is true, is the basis of all, as Horace owns in the third and sixth odes of the fourth book. Nature alone is preferable to art alone, but joined together it makes perfection. Nature gives a facility ; art, method and safety. " Ars certior quam natura," says Cicero ; and Longinus observes, that as free as nature appears, she does nothing good at a venture, and is no enemy to rules. Nature, without art, is blind and rash ; art, without nature, rude, barren, and dry. Quintilian has it, " We believe there is nothing perfect, but what is produced by " nature, assisted by art." Art is never so perfect as when it imitates nature. Nature never succeeds so well as when it conceals art.

[L. 410. Nec rude quid profit video ingenium.] *Rude ingenium.* A genius, which, tho' happy of itself, is always rude when not polished by art.

[L. 412. Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam.] He proves by examples, that there is nothing where nature alone suffices, and where there is no occasion of art. The prize-fighters not only laboured hard to succeed ; they lived in a general abstinence

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 257

I neither see what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do,
But mutually they need each other's aid.

He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
And no musician dares pretend to skill,
Without a great expence of time and pains;

But

nence of every thing called pleasure: are the poets exempted from this law of labour? no man will ever make a good poet without it.

L. 413. Puer.] They began these exercises very young.

L. 414. Qui Pythia cantat tibicen.] Horace does not mean Pythic games, they were then out of use, but the players on the flute in the ancient choruses of comedies. When all the chorus sung, one of them played to accompany the song, who was thence called *Ghoraul*. And after their songs were done, there was another player on the flute, who played singly to what was sung singly; and this last was termed *Pythaul*, a "player for Pythian songs," which were like poems or hymns to Apollo, sung in the city of Pytho. Diomedes says, "When the chorus sung, the players on the flute accompanied them with the flute called the chorus flute, and answered with the Pythic flute, to the single songs." These *Pythauls* and *Chorauls*, who were of old part of the band of musicians in the dramatic representations, separated afterwards and played by themselves. There were some of these masters very famous, and of these Horace speaks.

L. 415. Didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.] There never was an eminent player on the flute, who had not served an apprenticeship; wherefore since nature is not sufficient for little things, how should she suffice for great?

R. 416. L. 416.

Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango :

Occupet extremum scabies : mihi turpe relinqui est,

Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

Ut praeco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas :

Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta 420

Dives agris, dives positus in foenore nummis.

Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit,

Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris

Litibus implicitum ; mirabor, si sciet inter-

noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. 426

Tu

L. 416. Nunc satis est dixisse, ego mira poemata pango.] This language is but too common now-a-days, and people too apt to think they have no need of reading the antients, since they, in their own opinion, think they write so well without it.

L. 417. Occupet extremum scabies.] An expression used by children, who at certain plays cried out, "The Mange will take the hindmost."

Mihi turpe relinqui est.] While I am studying the antients, others will get before me, and write comedies and tragedies. If I write without study, let who will learn the rules, I will say I know them.

L. 419. Ut praeco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas.] Art and nature are not always enough to make a good poet ; there must be also faithful friends to tell an author of his faults, which are hard to be found by such great men as the *Pisces*. Horace compares rich poets to public cryers ; as the latter invited people to come and buy their ware, the former invited flatterers. He who praises, is the purchaser.

Cogit.]

But ev'ry little busy scribler now
 Swells with the praises which he gives himself;
 And taking sanctuary in the croud,
 Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
 A flatt'ring audience than poor tradesmen do
 To persuade customers to buy their goods.
 'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
 That can distinguish flatterers from friends.

Never

Cogit.] *Convocat*, summons people and flatterers together.

L. 421. *Dives agris*.] This verse is repeated in the second satire of the first book.

L. 422. *Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit*.] If the rich poet will treat and lend a poor brother poet, it will be a wonder if he knows how to discern the friend from the flatterer. Horace makes here, *en passant*, a nice encomium on the Pisos.

Unctum ponere.] To treat high, *Opsonium* is understood. Martial said to Pomponius,

*Quod tamen grande Sophos clamat tibi turba togata,
 Non tu Pomponi, coena disertus tua est.*

It is not thee Pomponius, it is thy supper that is so eloquent. Pliny calls such parasites *Laudicaenas*.

L. 423. *Levi pro paupere*.] *Levis*, inconsistent, light, perfidious.

L. 424. *Beatus*.] Happy; he who distinguishes the flatterer from the friend.

R 2 L. 426.

Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui;
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Laetitiae; clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, recte;
 Pallefcet super his; etiam stillabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem; saliet; tundet pede terram. 430
 Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
 Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo; sic
 Derisor vero plus laudatore moventur.
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
 Et torquere inero, quem perspexisse laborent, 435
 An fit amicitia dignus. si carmina condes,
 Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Quia.

L. 426. To seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui.] He advises the elder Piso never to read his verses to a man to whom he has lately given, or promised a present. A self-interested friend will never make a good critic.

L. 427. Plenum laetitiae.] Full of joy for what was given or presented him.

L. 429. Pallefcet super his. *Super his*, over and above.

L. 431. Ut qui conducti plorant in funere.] Horace says, there is as much difference between a flatterer and a sincere friend, as between those who are paid for weeping at a funeral, and those true friends who weep unfeignedly. The flatterer praises much more than the friend, as the hired mourners weep more than those whose grief is sincere.

L. 433.

Never delude yourself, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor ;
For he'll commend and feign an extasy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please ;
True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit ;
As men that truly grieve at funerals
Are not so loud, as those that cry for hire.
Wife were the kings, who never chose a friend
'Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts ;
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.

Quip-

L. 433. Derisor.] The banterer for the flatterer.

Vero laudatore.] An honest man who praises what he thinks
deserves it, and speaks from his conscience.

L. 434. Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis.] A poet should
do like great lords, who drink a man up to a pitch, to see if he
betrays a secret in his cups, before they trust him with one ; o-
therwise he will be apt to mistake flatterers for true friends. Ti-
berius put his confidants to this drunken trial.

L. 437. Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.] Horace
alludes to the fable of the Fox and the Raven, quoted by Nannius
in his commentaries. Monsieur de la Fontaine has taken care not
to forget it, and has surpass'd the antients, in its simplicity and
gaiety.

R 3

L. 438.

Quintilio si quid recitares, corrige, fodes,
 Hoc, aiebat, et hoc: melius te posse negares,
 Bis terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat, 440
 Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus:
 Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, mallet;
 Nullum ultra verbum, aut operum infumebat inanem,
 Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares,
 Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes, 445

Cul-

L. 438. Quintilio si quid recitares.] The poet Quintilius Varius, a relation and intimate friend of Virgil and Horace. The latter addresses the eighth ode of the first book to him, and mourns his death in the twenty-fourth ode. He had been dead some time when this epistle to the Pisos was written, for which reason he says, "Recitares, jubebat, sumebat," terms never used but of a person that is dead.

L. 440. Delere jubebat.] When an author has tried and cannot correct a place, he thinks he may let it go; but Quintilius was in such a case for blotting it out; a piece of cruelty the moderns are seldom guilty of.

L. 441. Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.] Horace is blamed for making use of two figures in the same verse; but it happens that he uses one only; for tho' he mentions the anvil, the figure is one, and that is the working of the iron. Propertius in the last elegy of the second book, says the same.

Incipe jam angusto versus componere torno,
 Inque tuos ignes, dure poeta, veni.

L. 442.

Quintilius, if his advice were ask'd,
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy;
But if he found you fond, and obstinate,
(And apter to defend than mend your faults)
With silence leave you to admire yourself,
And without rival hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend
Will give you notice of each idle line,

Shew

L. 443. Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, mallet.] Authors very often are fond of those places which are most liable to exception. They are their favourites, and if you will take their words, the best of their works.

L. 444. Quin sine rivali.] And they admire them as often without rivals.

L. 445. Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes.] These five verses are admirable, and include almost all that the rhetoricians have said of criticism, which consists of three things, adding, retrenching, and altering.

Versus reprehendet inertes.] There are few pieces to be met with now-a-days, without all the faults Horace collects in these five verses; but the faults of the greatest writers are only worth taking notice of, because their very faults may be imitated as well as their beauties: suppose monsieur Corneille had given his fine tragedy of Pompey to Quintilius to examine; may we not conclude, that in the third scene of the second act, when Cleopatra says,

Culpabit duros, incomtis allinet atrum

Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet

Ornamenta; parum clavis lucem dare coget;

Arguet

Je connois ma portée, et ne prens point le change.
He would have thought this verse *insert*, poor, weak, and mean,
as well as those that follow in the third scene of the third act.

Caes. Comme a-t-elle reçu les offres de ma flamme?

Ant. Comme n'osant la croire, et la croyant dans l'ame,
Par un refus modeste et fait pour inviter,
Elle s'en dit indigne, et la croit mériter.

"As one that durst not believe what she did believe in her soul,
"By a modest refusal, she said she was unworthy of a passion,
"which she thought she deserved." These verses are flat and
affected; very far from the character of Mark Antony, and tra-
gedy. The language is mean, and only fit for a life-guard-man.

L. 446. Culpabit duros.] Verses may be hard either for the
words or the things; the last is the greatest fault. Monsieur
Corneille has been guilty of it in these:

Les princes ont cela de leur haute naissance,
Leur ame dans leur sang prend des impressions,
Qui dessous leur vertu rangent leurs passions.

It is hard and shocking to say, "The soul takes impressions of
"virtue in the blood," which is as contrary to the ethics, as
the theology of the pagans: of the same kind is, what Caesar
says in the second scene of the third act.

Et qui verse en nos coeurs, avec l'ame et le sang,
Et la haine du nom, et le mépris du rang.

"Rome did not instil into a Roman the soul and blood."

Incomtis allinet atrum.] Quintilius would have set this mark
as without grace and ornament, on what Achoree says in the
second

Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,

Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;

Make you explain all that he finds obscure,

And

second scene of the second act, speaking of Pompey who was just expired :

Et tient la trahison, que le roy leur prescrit,

Trop au dessous de luy pour y preser l'esprit.

Sa vertu dans leur crime augmente ainsi son lustre,

Et son dernier soupir est un soupir illustre.

It is subtil, affected, without grace, and is faulty in the turn and expression.

L. 447. *Transverso calamo signum.*] He would draw a line quite cross it, which the Latins and Greeks call *obelum*, he would strike it out.

Ambitiosa recidet ornamenta.] Such emphatical ornaments are censured, and what Achoree says on Pompey's head, would, I doubt not, have been condemned by Quintillus. It is in the third scene of the third act.

A ces mots Achillas decouvre cette teste;

Il semble qu'a parler encore elle s'appreste,

Qu'a ce nouvel affront, un reste de chaleur

En sanglots mal formés exhale sa douleur.

Sa bouche encore ouverte, et sa vûë égarée

Rappellent sa grande ame a peine séparée, etc.

Does not monsieur Corneille amuse himself a little unseasonably, in painting the grimaces of this head? the ornament, to use Horace's term, is ambitious; the image has nothing in it noble or natural.

L. 448. *Parum claris lucem dare coget.*] Obscurity is the greatest vice in a discourse. Photius talks very obscurely, when he says to Ptolomy, in the first scene of monsieur Corneille's Pompey:

Le

Arguet ambigue dictum ; mutanda notabit ;

Fiet Aristarchus : nec dicet, cur ego amicum 450

Offendam in nugis ? hae nugae seria ducent

In

Le choix des actions ou mauvaises, ou bonnes,
Ne fait qu'aneantir la force des couronnes.

He means, that the virtue which inclines kings to good actions, rather than bad, weakens their power ; but says only, " That the choice of actions, either good or bad, weakens the power of kings," which is very dark.

L. 449. Arguet ambigue dictum.] " Ambiguity, says Quintilian, must above all things be avoided."

Mutanda notabit.] " He will at last mark exactly whatever

" is to be altered." Quintilian declares, that adding and retrenching are easiest in correction, altering very difficult. " Sed

" facilius in his simpliciusque judicium quae replenda vel dejicienda sunt, etc. It is easiest and soonest done, when we have

" only to add or to retrench ; but when we must bring down

" what is too lofty, reduce what is too abounding, place aright

" what is out of its order, gather together what is dispersed, and

" abridge what is too long ; this is a double trouble, for we must

" condemn what has pleased, and find out that which escaped

" us." Mutanda does not here signify to change the place only,

but also the alterations Quintilian speaks of : perhaps what Caesar says in the third scene of the fourth act, would have been altered

by Quintilius.

M'ont rendu le premier et le maître du monde.

C'est ce glorieux titre à présent effectif

Que je viens ennoblir par celui de captif ;

Heureux si mon esprit gagne tant sur le vôtre,

Qu'il en estime l'un, et me permette l'autre.

Caesar would hardly have said, " He had made the glorious title

" he

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 267

And with a strict enquiry mark your faults;

Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love;

Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,

Will

"he had acquired of master of the world more noble by that of
"slave." His courtship would certainly have been more worthy
of so glorious a title; and I can scarce think Quintillius would
have suffered what he adds afterwards:

*Mais pas! contre mon feu mon feu me sollicite,
Si je veux estre à vous, il faut que je vous quitte.*

Or what Cleopatra says in the first scene of the second act.

*Et si jamais le ciel favorisoit ma couche
De quelque rejeton de cette illustre souche,
Cette heureuse union de mon sang et du sien
Uniroit à jamais son destin et le mien.*

Which offends modesty, and is very far from the discretion of
Virgil, who does not make Dido speak so freely till after consum-
mation; and when there was no need of ceremony.

L. 450. *Fiet Aristarchus.*] Aristarchus was a very great cri-
tic, who lived in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and was
contemporary with Callimachus; he wrote above fourscore vo-
lumes of commentaries on Homer, Aristophanes, and all the o-
ther Greek poets: he revised and corrected Homer, which work
is lost, with the rest of his criticisms, which were so nice and
penetrating, that he was commonly called the diviner, on ac-
count of his great sagacity.

Cur ego amicum offendam in nugis.] The usual language of
flatterers: why shall I offend my friend for trifles, by telling him
his verses are not good?

L. 451. *Hae nugae seria ducent in mala.*] Horace replies very
well, what you call trifles will be fatal to the poet, whom you
abuse by concealing your true sentiments from him.

L. 452.

In mala derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre;

Ut mala quem scabies, aut morbus regius urget,

Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana;

Vesani tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam, 455

Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.

Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat,

Si

L. 452. Derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.] This verse will bear a double signification. As "when the world," or as "when you shall once make a fool of him!" the first construction seems to me to be wrong. Horace is not here talking of the evils which will happen to this ill poet, after the public has made a fool of him; but of those that shall happen to him, after his flattering friend has made a fool of him, by deceiving him with false praise; he would prove that it is the cause of all his misfortunes, because if he talked sincerely to him at first, he might have cured him of his itch of poetry.

L. 453. Ut mala quem scabies.] He terms that poetical itch, *mala scabies*, which Celsus calls *fera scabies*, the most dangerous leprosy.

Morbus regius.] *Morbus arqatus*, the jaundice. Lucretius:

Lurida praeterea fiunt quaecumque tuentur arqati.

"Every thing looks yellow to those that have the jaundice:"

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 269

Will be of serious consequence to you,

When they have made you once ridiculous.

A mad dog's foam, th' infection of the plague,

And all the judgments of the angry gods,

We are not all more heedfully to shun,

Than poetasters in their raging fits,

Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys,

But dreaded and proscib'd by men of sense :

If, in the raving of a frantic muse,

And

it was called the royal disease, because it was said there was no remedy for it, but to live the life of a king.

L. 454. Aut fanaticus error.] The fanatics; that is, the demoniacs, "Aut iracunda Diana, Those stricken by Diana," that is, lunatics. The ancients believed all diseases infectious.

L. 456. Incantique sequuntur.] *Incauti*, the imprudent, who do not see to what danger they expose themselves, in following a madman.

L. 457. Hic, dum sublimis versus ructatur.] *Sublimis*, those he thinks the most sublime; or *sublimis*, which he makes looking up to heaven, as if he would from thence fetch his enthusiasm: wherefore it has also been read *sublimis*, with reference to the poet. *Sublimis*, *μετewpos*, "Who goes looking up to heaven;" but *sublimis versus* seems to me to be better. Horace diverts himself with describing the frenzy of a poet, whom flatterers have made mad.

Ructatur.] He vomits them; the sophist Aristides said to an

Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps

In puteum, foveamve; licet, succurrite, longum

Clamet, io cives; non sit qui tollere curet.

460

Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem;

Qui scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit, atque

Servari nolit? dicam; Siculique poetae

Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi

Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam

465

Infiluit. sit jus, liceatque petire poetis,

In-

an emperor, "We are not some of those who vomit up their writings, but those who make them."

L. 459. Succurrite, longum clamet.] By this *longum clamet*, Horace shews the custom of these cripples that begged on the high-way, pronouncing the word *succurrite*, but drawing it out so, that they made it last half an hour: our beggars understand this way perfectly well. *Longum* has been interpreted *from a far*, very loud; but I take it to be a *long while*.

L. 462. Qui scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit.] There is no folly of which an ill poet is not capable.

L. 463. Siculique poetae narrabo interitum.] The death of Empedocles at Agrigentum, Gergenti, a town in Sicily.

L. 465. Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam infiluit.] Empedocles, a great philosophical poet, who wrote three books of the nature of things quoted by Aristotle: he also wrote on Xerxes' expedition; but his daughter or sister burnt that

And minding more his verses than his way,
Any of these should drop into a well,
Tho' he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd ;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Aetna's flames,
Give poets leave to make themselves away,
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep men alive against their will ?

Nor

that piece : he flourished about 450 years before Christ. Lucretius has a fine encomium on him, in his first book.

Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro praeclarius in se,
Nec sanctum magis, etc.

The story of his flinging himself into mount Aetna, is only grounded on one of Empedocles' shoes, found near a gap of that mountain ; and it was said the fiery vortexes whirled him into it. Timaeus assures us Empedocles died in Peloponnesus ; and Neanthes of Cysycum reports, that falling out of a coach he broke his leg and died.

[Ardentem frigidus Aetnam.] The word *frigidus* has been variously expounded ; some pretend Horace means *mad* by it, and others *cold*. The first exposition is the worst, the second bad enough ; there being little cold blood in so desperate an action.

By

Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.

Nec semel hoc fecit; nec si retractus erit, jam

Fiet homo, et ponet famosae mortis amorem:

Nec satis adparet, cur versus facitet: utrum 470

Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental

Moverit

By *frigidus*, Horace would describe all the extravagance of a mad-man, who, to get the name of a God, seeks a death which he is afraid to find: he would be a God, and he dies with fear.

L. 467. *Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.*] There is no likelihood Horace should say this in general: the maxim would be too extravagant; he doubtless speaks only of poets, *invitum poetam*. Others that fall into melancholy may be cured; it is to be hoped they will grow wiser, as it happened to Damaspus, whom Stertinus hindered from flinging himself into the Tiber, as Horace himself writes in the third satire of the second book.

Solatus jussit sapientem, etc.

But as for poets there is no hope of them, their madness is desperate, they are incurable, and to be given over.

L. 469. *Et ponet famosae mortis amorem.*] Tho' the poet may be hindered from destroying himself once, it would still run in his head, and he would attempt it again. *Famosa mors*, a death that will make the world talk of him.

L. 470.

Nor was this chance, but a delib'rate choice ;

For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,

He would be at his frolic once again,

And his pretensions to divinity :

'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,

Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,

The rhiming fiend is sent into these men ;

But they are all most visibly possess'd,

And like a baited bear, when he breaks loose,

With-

L. 470. *Nec satis apparet, cur versus facit.*] What crime must that man be guilty of, who has so drawn down the vengeance of the gods, as to be possessed with the fury of making verses. Horace talks of bad poets as people generally do of the wretched, "He must have done some horrid thing," etc.

L. 471. *Minxerit in patris cineres.*] It was very profane among the antients to piss in a holy place. Persius in his first satire :

*Pinge duos angues ; pueri, sacer est locus, extra
Meiite ----*

"Paint two snakes on the wall, the place, children, is sacred, "go piss without ;" but it was a double profanation to piss on a lamb, and a horrible sacrilege to piss on the tomb of one's father, or ancestors.

An triste bidental moverit incestus.] When a place was stricken with thunder or lightning, it was thought to be devoted to consecration, and the diviners went immediately and sacrificed a young sheep there ; then they inclosed it with stakes, a

S

line

Moverit incestus : certe furit, ac velut ursus,

Objectos caveae valuit si frangere clathros,

Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.

Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo, 475

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

line, or a wall, and from that moment it was sacred: it was called *bidental*, from *bidente*, the name of the sheep there sacrificed: it was sacrilege to remove its bounds, *movere bidental*. If a dead man was stricken with thunder or lightning, he was not to be burnt by Numa's law, he was to be buried in the same place, Persius calls even the man that is thunder-struck *bidental*.

An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennaque jubente,
Triste jaces lucis, evitandumque bidental.

L. 472. Incestus.] As the ancients were wont to say *chaste* for *pious*, so they also said *incestus* for *impious*.

OF THE ART OF POETRY. 275

Without distinction seize on all they meet ;
None ever escap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking, like leeches, till they burst with blood,
Without remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read men dead.

FINIS.

T H E
C O N T E N T S.

	Page
A N essay on translated verse,	1
A paraphrase on the cxlviii. psalm,	38
Ode upon solitude,	43
To Mr. Dryden, on his <i>Religio Laici</i> ,	46
The scene of <i>Care Selve Beate</i> , in PASTOR FIDO, } paraphrased,	49
A prologue spoken to his royal highness the duke } of York, at Edinburgh,	51
The dream,	53
The ghost of the old house of commons, to the } new one, appointed to meet at Oxford, 1681. }	54
The speech of Tom Rofs's ghost, to his pupil, } the duke of Monmouth,	58
On the death of a lady's lap-dog,	60
Stanzas on a young lady who sung finely, but was } afraid of a cold,	61
Epilogue on Alexander the great, when acted at } the theatre in Dublin,	62
Prologue to Pompey, a tragedy, translated by Mrs. } Katharine Philips, from the French of monsieur } Corneille, and acted at the theatre in Dublin, }	65
On the last judgment,	67
Virgil's sixth eclogue, SILENUS, translated,	73
The xxii. ode of the first book of Horace, translated,	89
The vi. ode of the iii. book, translated,	95
Horace's art of poetry, translated, with notes,	113



